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# SENATOR MORGAN ON THE NICARAGUA CANAL

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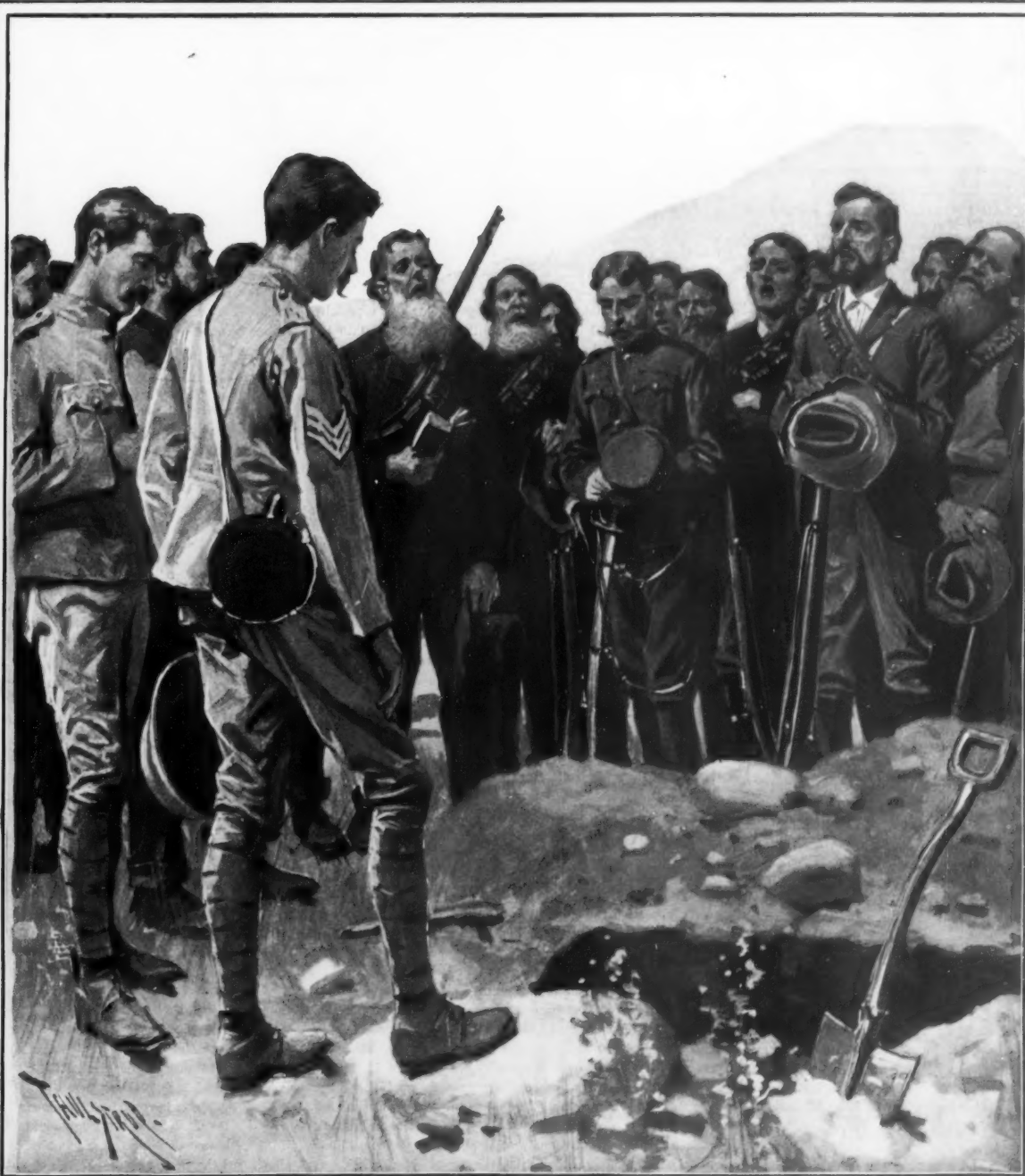
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DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

## A REQUIEM FOR THE ENEMY'S DEAD

"ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE, AT DAYBREAK. BURIAL PARTIES WERE SENT OUT BY THE BRITISH. THEY WERE MET BY THE BOERS, WHO ASSISTED THEM IN THE INTERMENT OF THEIR DEAD AND SANG PSALMS OVER THE GRAVES."—PRESS REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF THE TUGELA

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New York March Third 1900

IF A STATEMENT imputed to General Ludlow can be regarded as expressing the intention of his official superiors, the Administration means to keep Cuba under the military government of the United States for at least five years to come. That, certainly, was not the purpose of Congress when, on April 18, 1898, it passed the self-denying ordinance by which we declared that the Cubans then were, and of right ought to be, independent, and that we went to war with Spain for no other motive but to assure to them their independence. If they were, and of right ought to be, independent two years ago, why have we not already acknowledged their independence, and with what show of consistency or decency can we keep them under our thumb for four or five years more? The Administration will make a mistake if it goes before the people next November without having taken definite steps to prove that it means to carry out forthwith the declaration made by Congress on April 18, 1898, that, even then, the Cubans were, and of right ought to be, independent. The blunders of the State Department under Secretary Hay, and of the War Department under Secretary Alger, constitute quite a sufficient load for Mr. McKinley to carry. The best thing he can do is to adopt the wise and upright advice given to him by Secretary Root as regards both Cuba and Puerto Rico. Mr. Root is a genuine American who has a future before him, and the country would breathe more freely if he became Secretary of State.

AT THE HOUR when we write, the relief of Kimberley by General French and the northeastward movement of the army under Lord Roberts are naturally regarded with satisfaction in Great Britain, because these incidents are expected to compel a concentration of the Boer forces for the defence of the capitals of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. If the expectation be fulfilled, the Boers will lose, to a large extent, the advantages in respect of position hitherto possessed, for the great plains north of the Orange and Vaal Rivers would offer to the English cavalry and artillery conditions almost ideal, but for the maladies to which horses and oxen will be exposed in South Africa after the middle of March. In the end, however, nobody doubts that the British will be successful, if they are permitted to apply the whole force of their empire to the South African problem. It is not quite certain, however, that the Continental powers will suffer England to deprive the Boer

republics of their independence. That a diversion in favor of the Transvaal is at least apprehended on the part of Russia and France must be inferred from the confession made by Lord Rosebery in the House of Lords that, in December, the British Foreign Office made overtures for an alliance with the United States and Germany. He added that both of the overtures had been repelled, and we scarcely need to point out that the acceptance of an alliance with Great Britain at the present conjuncture would have been fatal to the Administration in the next political campaign. There is no doubt that a vast majority of American citizens sympathize with the South African republics, and feel nothing but contempt for the American women who have married or fought their way into London society, and who, after having failed to subscribe a dollar for the relief of American soldiers in the war with Spain or during the insurrection in the Philippines, are now bestirring themselves to raise funds for the British wounded in South Africa.

IT BEGINS to look somewhat doubtful whether, as a matter of strategy, the Republicans will do well to put silver out of politics for at least five or six years to come by the passage of a bill affirming a single gold standard in set terms, and declaring that all Government indebtedness, not expressly payable in silver, must be paid in gold. There are those who contend that the gold standard already exists, and did not need formal proclamation. Most of the Republican leaders, however, thought otherwise, and seem to have disregarded the fact that the Democrats in the coming contest will be able to argue that the silver question for the present has been made merely academic, since the gold standard cannot be upset until the Democrats gain control, not only of the Presidency and the House of Representatives, but also of the Senate, which latter event cannot take place before 1905 at the earliest. Under the circumstances, not only Gold Democrats, but also such Republicans as are dissatisfied with the Philippine and Puerto Rican policy of the Administration, and with the course pursued by the State Department in relation to questions in which England is concerned, may be able, without any sacrifice of monetary convictions, to vote for the candidature of the Democratic party. One thing is already tolerably certain, namely, that, if the Irish-American and German-American vote is an important factor in national elections—and nobody questions its importance—it behooves Mr. McKinley to take the State Department, and especially the management of our relations with Great Britain, into his own hands. It is his future which is at stake, and not that of Mr. Hay, who never had any, until, through the President's good nature or caprice, he was pitchforked upstairs into the State Department. The most deplorable consequence of Vice-President Hobart's death is the knowledge with which American patriots are haunted that, in the dreadful contingency of Mr. McKinley's death before March 4, 1901—*absit omen*—we should witness the accession of Johnnie Hay to the office of Chief Magistrate.

## THE NICARAGUA CANAL

WE PUBLISH in another column an article on the proposed Hay-Pauncefote treaty by Hon. John T. Morgan, who, for many years, has represented Alabama in the Senate of the United States. It will surprise those who are familiar with the position previously taken by the Senator to find that, in this article, he seems to approve of the two features of the projected convention which have provoked wide-reaching and vehement condemnation. We have in mind, of course, the fact that the treaty, if ratified, would forbid us to fortify the canal and to exclude from it the battleships of a foreign nation with which we might happen to be at war. It violates the Monroe Doctrine by inviting not only Great Britain, but all the important maritime powers of Europe, to form a syndicate for the purpose of enforcing these prohibitions. The position now taken by Senator Morgan is irreconcilable with the attitude which he has maintained for many years, and which he reasserted about six weeks ago. As chairman of the Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals, he reported to the Senate on January 16 of the present year a bill authorizing the President to acquire, by purchase from Costa Rica and Nicaragua, for and in behalf of the United States control of such territory now belonging to Costa Rica and Nicaragua as may be desirable and necessary, on which to excavate, construct and defend a canal. The second section of this bill provides that, when the President shall have secured full control over the territory needed, he shall direct the Secretary of War to construct the canal, and goes on to say that the said Secretary shall not only construct such safe and commodious harbors, but also such fortifications for the defence of the canal as may be required for the convenience and safety of all vessels desiring the use of the canal. Now, on the other hand, as we have said, Senator Morgan advocates the ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote convention, which provides that the canal shall be defended not by the United States, but by the joint guarantee of a European Concert, and adds that no fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The grounds on which the distinguished Senator from Alabama justifies his change of front are: first, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is as much in force now as it ever was; secondly, we do not need the right to erect

fortifications because the privilege given us by the proposed treaty to police and protect the canal by military force would enable us to shut out the warships of a public enemy, if we so desired; thirdly, we cannot object to the complete neutralization of the Nicaragua Canal in war as well as peace, because the Suez Canal is nominally subject to the same conditions. As regards the first of these assertions, it would be easy to show that, up to a very recent date, Senator Morgan has maintained in public utterances that we ought not to be bound any longer by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which was concluded fifty years ago, but that, if it be considered technically binding, it ought to be abrogated by a formal declaration on the part of our Government. To say that it is technically binding is but to offer the strongest reason for its immediate denunciation by our State Department. No treaty can be permitted to shackle a nation forever, though it is true enough that a party that breaks a treaty, on its face perpetual, does so at its own risk. That risk we must confront, and there never was a better time for confronting it. There is not the slightest basis for the assumption that Great Britain, which already has her hands full with the Boers, and which is in imminent danger of intervention at the hands of Continental States, will go to war with the great American republic sooner than submit to the formal abrogation of an old and unexecuted treaty. Influential organs of British public opinion like the London "Spectator" have been for months averring that, by insisting on the validity of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, England would be pursuing a dog-in-the-manger policy, for nobody could expect the United States, if trammelled by the conditions of that obsolete convention, ever to construct the waterway. The "Spectator" has argued that the British Foreign Office ought to consent to the immediate and total annulment of the Clayton-Bulwer agreement without requiring any equivalent concession, because the advantage derivable by Great Britain in time of peace from the inter-oceanic canal would far more than compensate her for exclusion from it in the probably distant conjuncture of a war with the United States. That was the view taken by an organ of the Liberal-Unionists, and we cannot doubt that, under existing circumstances, it would have been accepted by Lord Salisbury, had Secretary Hay informed the British Foreign Office that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty must be annulled *in toto*, or else the canal would never be constructed by our Federal Government, which would prefer to leave intact the rampart erected by Nature for the protection of our Pacific States against European aggression. The second assertion made by Senator Morgan—namely, that, if we are permitted by the Hay-Pauncefote convention to keep troops on the isthmus for the purpose of defending the canal, we could, by an act of violence, close it against the warships of a public enemy in time of war—will not bear close examination. Undoubtedly, we could by force obstruct or temporarily destroy the waterway, but this we should do, provided the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is ratified, at the cost of breaking faith not only with the particular nation against which we might be at war but with every member of the European syndicate guaranteeing the complete neutralization of the waterway. It would be not only the right, but the duty, of every member of that syndicate to interpose forthwith for the purpose of compelling the United States to throw open the aforesaid canal to the warships of our enemy. Is it possible that any far-sighted American patriot will deliberately furnish a pretext for thus making the United States the target of a European coalition? The question answers itself. We pass to Senator Morgan's third assertion, that we ought to keep the Nicaragua Canal open to our national enemies in time of war because the rules prescribed for the Suez Canal offer the same privileges to the public enemies of Great Britain. We answer that there would be no parallelism between the Suez and Nicaragua Canals. The nominal neutralization of the Suez Canal as against a public enemy of England's is notoriously farcical, because England controls the Mediterranean entrance to that waterway almost completely through her naval stations at Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus and Alexandria, and the Red Sea entrance absolutely, through her mastery of Aden and of certain islands occupying decisive strategic positions. Even if a fleet hostile to England could conceivably pass Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Alexandria, it would commit an act of suicide by traversing the Suez Canal, for it would then find itself bottled up in the Red Sea, the southern neck of which it could never penetrate in the teeth of the commanding positions occupied by England. In the topographical conditions of the Nicaragua Canal there is no point of similarity. On the southern side of the projected waterway would stretch the immense breadth of the Pacific; on the northern side would extend the great expanse of the Caribbean, in or adjoining which we have no naval stations nearer than Key West and Puerto Rico, whereas England has, close at hand, the fortified harbor of Kingston in Jamaica, to say nothing of St. Lucia and the Bermudas on the east or of British Honduras on the west. In view of these indubitable facts, the United States cannot possibly accept for the Nicaragua Canal the rules ostensibly applicable to the Suez Canal, without placing our Pacific seaports at the mercy of British assault in the event of a war between our republic and Great Britain. Incomparably better would it prove for our Pacific States hereafter, if the natural bulwark formed by the mountain-backbone of the isthmus should be preserved intact than that it should be demolished at our own cost to the profit of Great Britain.



# THE NICARAGUA CANAL

## BY SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN

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BY ACT OF CONGRESS of July 7, 1798, the United States abrogated its treaty of alliance with France, because it had been improvidently made, was contrary to our national policy, and had become dangerous to the peace and welfare of the country.

For better reasons, the United States, at any time, might have abrogated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; but, in pursuance of its provisions, the United States and Great Britain have since concluded treaties with Nicaragua, identical in the provisions relating to an isthmian canal, which are in force. These treaties, if the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is abrogated, can be enlarged by Great Britain so as to give her the exclusive right, with the consent of Nicaragua, to control the canal. It is unwise to expose these great powers to the hazard of such results.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, concluded April 19, 1850, is still in force, if it ever was, and has been executed as to all questions that arose under it before 1860.

It is an alliance with Great Britain for facilitating the construction and protection of a ship canal through Nicaragua and Costa Rica, through concessions from those governments to the citizens of the United States, or the subjects of Great Britain.

It excluded the possibility that either of the treaty powers could construct the canal, and left its construction to such companies as might be organized for that purpose, under the protection of both the treaty powers, and under concessions from Nicaragua and Costa Rica. To exclude the treaty powers more effectually from any right, as governments, to build or control the canal, it was stipulated, in terms of most careful selection, that they should not, directly or indirectly, or by acts or influence, acquire any exclusive right or privilege in the canal, or its use, or control.

The "exclusive" control, etc., is the point that is most carefully guarded in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

It can apply only as between the parties to the treaty, and prohibits them from acquiring such exclusive rights from the governments that own the country through which the canal is to be built.

To ensure this result, both the treaty powers agree that neither of them will colonize any part of Central America near the canal, and that neither of them will build fortifications to command it; but that both will give their protection to the canal, when built, or while it is in process of construction.

This treaty originated in the overtures of the United States, which were made for the purpose of giving to Nicaragua and Costa Rica the unembarrassed control of the San Juan River, out to the sea; that being an indispensable part of the canal.

The United States were then engaged in gaining exclusive rights from Nicaragua to construct and control the canal, and Great Britain was engaged in disputing the right of that republic and of Costa Rica to grant such privileges to us, and, to support her policy, she recognized the sovereignty of the Mosquito tribe of Indians over the coast that included the mouth of the San Juan River, and took them under her protection. This was equivalent to the assertion of sovereignty by Great Britain over that country.

The Mexican War had then just closed and our people were not then prepared or willing to enter upon a war with Great Britain over any dispute that could be honorably settled by diplomatic agreement. On our side of this controversy we had the Monroe Doctrine, and the necessity of a short line of transit to California, then recently acquired, to justify our action. On the British side was their need of a short line between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and their possessions in British America on the Pacific Coast, and their insistence that their protectorate over the Mosquito Indians was of long standing.

A special treaty that acknowledged their right to have new colonies in the islands and coasts of the Caribbean Sea was then considered a waiver of the Monroe Doctrine. That subject entered into the first discussions, and the waiver was made by our Minister. So that question disappeared in the diplomatic contentions that arose afterward.

The treaty, then concluded, proceeded to provide for the surrender of the British protectorate of the Mosquitos to Nicaragua, and for restricting British colonization in Central America.

The treaty was accepted by Congress and our people with much satisfaction.

Then disputes arose as to the faithful execution of the treaty by Great Britain, that were heated and protracted. Then a new treaty was negotiated to explain the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, known as the Dallas-Clarendon treaty.

The proposed modifications in that treaty related solely to the disputes as to the colonial possessions of Great Britain in the Caribbean Sea and upon its coasts, leaving all the provisions as to the canal without change.

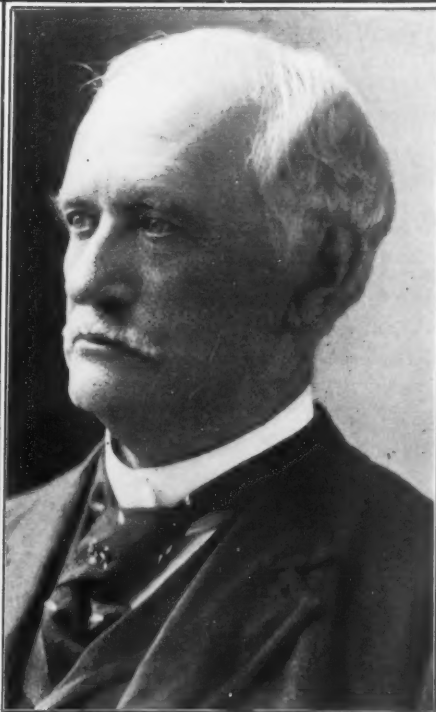
The Senate amended that treaty, as to the Bay Islands, and Great Britain refused to ratify it, as amended. This left all the contentions open and the treaty in force. In these proceedings, and in all that was said about it by our government, the validity and binding force of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was expressly acknowledged by the United States.

Then Great Britain fell upon the plan of executing the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by special treaties with Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala, and that plan was approved by our government.

These treaties were concluded and had the approval of our government; and the President, in 1860, announced to Congress, in his annual message, that "the discordant constructions of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty between the two governments, which at different periods of the discussion bore a threatening aspect, have resulted in a final settlement entirely satisfactory to this government."

That declaration closed the controversy as to the question of abrogation.

Great Britain, pending those heated discussions, had offered



JOHN T. MORGAN, SENATOR FROM ALABAMA, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON INTER-OCEANIC CANALS AND SENIOR DEMOCRATIC MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS

to submit the construction of the treaty to arbitration, or to give her consent to its abrogation, both of which overtures we declined to accept.

The treaty, as to its application to the exclusive right to own, fortify, control, and manage the canal through Nicaragua and Costa Rica, is in full force, if it was ever valid, and, so far as it relates to the features of colonization in Central America, it is executed, on the part of Great Britain, through the special treaties she has concluded with Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua.

A change in this situation that will give the United States the exclusive right to build, own and control the canal, with the consent of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and, at the same time, would cut Great Britain off from such rights, must be acceptable to the United States.

Whether such change shall be accomplished by our renunciation of the treaty, after it has been executed by Great Britain in a way "entirely satisfactory to this government," or through the proposed convention of February 5, 1900, is the practical question.

If we propose to take by force what Great Britain voluntarily tenders to us in this convention, because we dislike some of its provisions relating to the neutrality of the canal, its fortification, or to its military protection, we must do this against the judgment of all Europe, as expressed, with reference to the proper use of the corresponding gateway of the world, in the Isthmus of Suez.

Those who object to such a course, for such reasons, will find difficulty in our first overture to Great Britain, in the Clayton-Bulwer negotiations. The statement which we have often repeated since that treaty was concluded, we then made as follows: In a letter to Lord Napier, April 6, 1853, Mr. Cass, Secretary of State, said, when defining the purposes of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty: "The principle was that the interoceanic routes should remain under the sovereignty of the States through which they run, and be neutral and free to all nations alike. The policy was, that in order to prevent any government outside of those States from obtaining undue control or influence over these interoceanic transits, no such nation should erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof, or should occupy or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America."

In 1882, Mr. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. Lowell, Minister to Great Britain, dated May 8, instructed him to inform that government that "the President is still ready on the part of the United States to agree that the reciprocal engagements respecting the acquisition of territory in Central America, and respecting the establishment of a free port at each end of whatever canal may be constructed, shall continue in force, and to define by agreement the distance from either end of the canal where captures may be made by a belligerent in time of war, and with this definition thus made, to keep alive the second article of the treaty."

That article is as follows:

"Vessels of the United States or Great Britain traversing the canal shall, in case of war between the contracting parties,

be exempted from blockade, detention, or capture, by either of the belligerents, and this provision shall extend to such a distance from the two ends of the canal as may hereafter be found expedient to establish."

Mr. Frelinghuysen is the only Secretary of State who has contended for our right to treat the Clayton-Bulwer treaty as being obsolete, or inapplicable to present conditions, yet he proposed to Great Britain to revive and continue it in force as to the neutrality of the canal, as between the United States and Great Britain, in time of war between these powers.

The convention of February 5, 1900, contains the same provisions, yet it is objected that they are dangerous and humiliating to the United States. That convention, as to this subject, is as follows:

"1. The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise.

"2. The canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it.

"3. Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not revictual nor take any stores in the canal except so far as may be strictly necessary; and the transit of such vessels through the canal shall be effected with the least possible delay, in accordance with the regulations in force, and with only such intimation as may result from the necessities of the service.

"Prizes shall be in all respects subject to the same rules as vessels of war of the belligerents.

"4. No belligerent shall embark or disembark troops, munitions of war or warlike materials in the canal except in case of accidental hindrance of the transit, and in such case the transit shall be resumed with all possible despatch.

"5. The provisions of this article shall apply to waters adjacent to the canal, within three marine miles of either end. Vessels of war of a belligerent shall not remain in such waters longer than twenty-four hours at any one time except in case of distress, and in such case shall depart as soon as possible; but a vessel of war of one belligerent shall not depart within twenty-four hours from the departure of a vessel of war of the other belligerent.

"6. The plant, establishments, buildings, and all works necessary to the construction, maintenance and operation of the canal shall be deemed to be part thereof, for the purposes of this Convention, and in time of war as in time of peace shall enjoy complete immunity from attack or injury by belligerents and from acts calculated to impair their usefulness as part of the canal.

"7. No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

Comparing this convention with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, we find that it is, as to the use of the canal in time of war, a mere elaboration of that treaty. The abrogation of the second article of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would leave Great Britain in possession of her rights subsequently acquired by treaty with Nicaragua, without any restriction as to the military use of the canal. If these articles are humiliating to the United States, how much more are we humiliated by having offered the same provisions to Great Britain in 1882, as a revival of a treaty that Mr. Frelinghuysen then declared to be obsolete?

The argument is against us on that point, and does not support the objections now made to the convention of February, 1900. And as this convention is the same with the convention of Constantinople of December 22, 1888, we are committed to its principles if we adopt the convention of February, 1900.

"Shall we build the canal and pay for it, and yet not own it?" is a question that excites and arouses antagonism toward the convention of February, 1900.

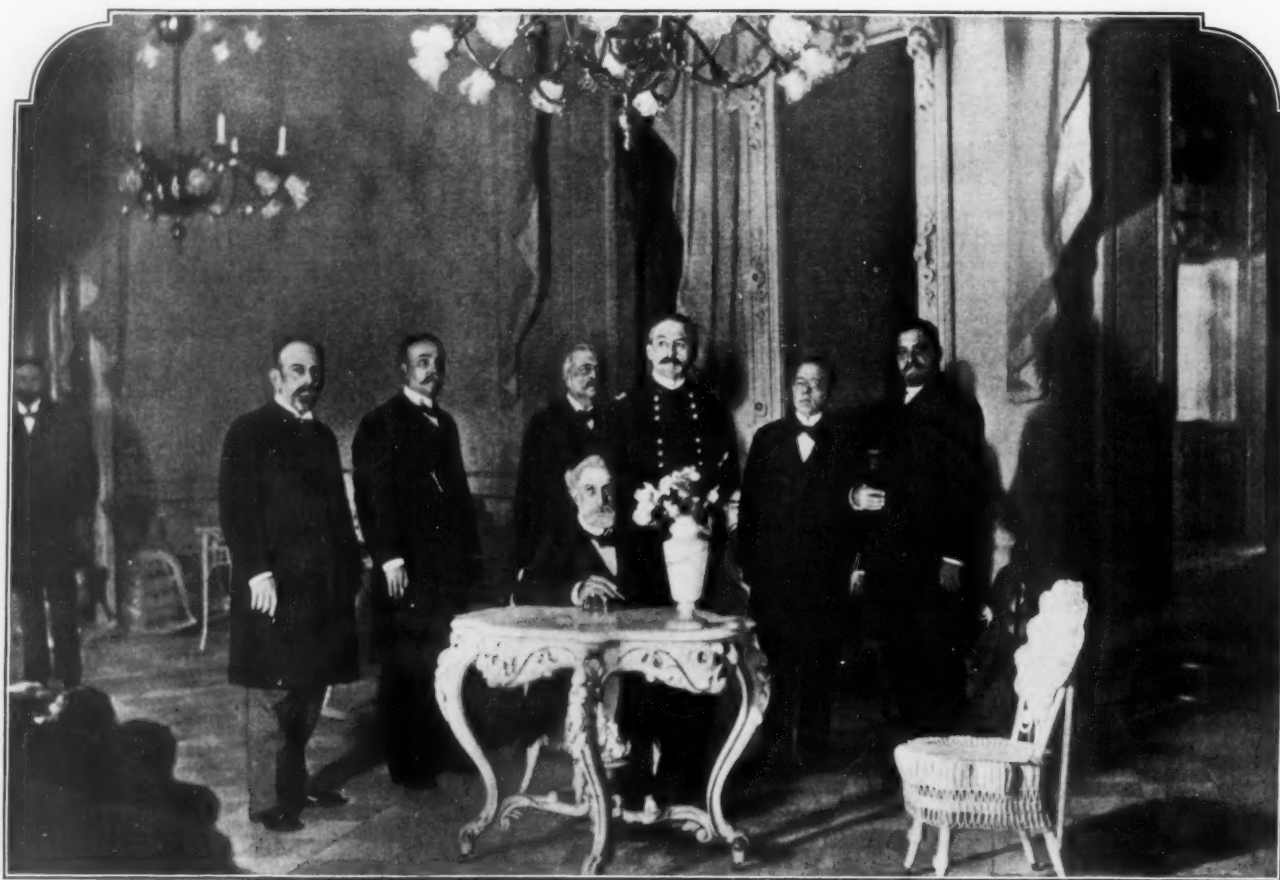
Ownership, control and regulation relate to the right of property in the canal, and, in that sense, it would be absurd to pay for it and give the income and advantages to other countries.

But the ownership of property by the United States, in a foreign country, is entirely consistent with the sovereignty of that country, and with its full power to control all property within its domain, according to its necessities or policies. If we own the canal in Costa Rica and Nicaragua, these States are not thereby prevented from making war against each other, or against other nations, because the canal might thereby be endangered, or disturbed.

If we would get such control of the canal as to give us the right to determine its use according to our advantage in war, or peace, we could not stop short of acquiring the sovereignty of the country through which it is to be built, for such rights and powers belong only to the sovereignty of those States.

It is not necessary, to the full enjoyment of the income of the canal, or for its exclusive management and control, that we should exercise any sovereign powers over its situs, or the ports or the country adjacent to the canal, but it is wise and just that we should conform its control and regulation to the universal sense of duty to other nations that is established in the convention of 1888, relating to the Suez Canal.

If the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was abrogated, or declared to be inoperative, under present conditions, Great Britain would be released from the obligation to abstain from claiming the "exclusive right," with the consent of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, to own and control the canal, and, if she could obtain such rights from those States, to be exercised in accordance with the convention of 1888, all Europe would unite with her in its maintenance, as we would now unite with them to support that convention, if Turkey or Great Britain should attempt

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SECRETARY OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

## GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD AND HIS CABINET, IN THE STATE ROOM OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA

to violate it, either in war or in peace. In such a course, we would act upon our own right to demand and enjoy the freedom of the seas and the neutrality of the canal waters, as they are declared by all European powers.

In the case of our ownership of the Nicaragua Canal, and the assertion of our exclusive right to control it in time of war, Great Britain would have the additional ground of contention, that her vast possessions in North and South America and in the West Indies entitled her to as free use of it as she and the other European powers have accorded to the United States in the Suez Canal.

The danger of such a situation would be infinitely greater to us than any possible danger that could ever attend the safe passage of her ships of commerce and of war through the Nicaragua Canal, while Great Britain is engaged in hostilities with the United States.

Under the convention of 1888, the United States, while engaged in war with Great Britain, or any European power, can pass her ships through the Suez Canal in safety, if they can reach that neutral ground. This is in virtue of a public act to which we are not even a party.

If, under a like provision, the Nicaragua Canal should be open to British ships, while Great Britain is at war with us, it is, at least, a fair situation, when we can use the Suez Canal to attack India, or Australia, while she is using the Nicaragua Canal to attack our Western coast.

This military equation illustrates the absurdity of the conjecture, that the free use of either canal, as neutral waters, will either increase or diminish the sea power of any of the maritime nations.

The right of blockade and the right to fortify the canal to prevent or defeat an attack upon the works, from the sea, are denied by the convention of 1888 (of Constantinople), and by that of February 5, 1900. They are both wise and beneficent provisions in favor of commerce and for the safety of the canals.

In the convention of 1900, if Costa Rica and Nicaragua shall agree to it, there is ample provision for the safety of the canal from attack, in any direction, given in the right of the United States to maintain a military police, at all times, to protect the canal. This force may be a squad or an army, according to our view of the necessity for the assistance of soldiery. With the country in the possession of our land forces, in unrestricted numbers, it would be a very powerful or a very rash enemy, that would venture to send ships of war through the Nicaragua Canal to attack our coasts, or to attack the canal. The necessities of war, and, above all, the laws of war, which rise above treaty rights and obligations, would deter any admiral or general from attempting to pass ships and armies through a canal in the possession of an enemy. The dangers and the difficulties of the transit, under such conditions, would not be increased materially, even by any fortifications that could be placed to command the entrances to any isthmian canal.

No such contrivances are needed to increase our power to defend the Nicaragua Canal, if, for any reason, that should ever be necessary, and the presence of such defenses would convert the canal into a battlefield, in case of such an attack, which would result in its almost certain destruction.

The great military and naval powers of Europe have not, incautiously, prohibited the fortification of the Suez Canal; but they have sheltered it by wise treaty stipulations, in

which all nations are equally interested, against either the power or the disposition of any to make that waterway the theatre of war.

In our dealing with the subject of the control and management of the Nicaragua Canal, it will be equally wise and imperative that we should adopt the provisions of the convention of 1888, which are embodied in that of February 5, 1900.

The united sanction of all the European powers to this just and beneficent plan for the security of commerce and the fostering of peace will be soon incorporated into the laws of nations, with the consent of all Christendom.

It is not consistent with our aspirations as a just, peaceable and self-reliant people, or with the character we have established, that we should invite all the nations to use this ship canal, that we are forced by our national necessities to construct, and at the same time prepare to defend it.

When, for reasons of policy, or the strategy of war, we reserve the right to make the canal an instrument of gain, at their loss, or of military advantage over them, we need not expect the goodwill or the toleration of any maritime nation; and no nation was ever strong enough to defy the good opinion of mankind.

The United States must, of necessity, build and control this canal; but it should not be assumed, except in the last emergency, that we will undertake this indispensable work at the expense of the sovereignty of any Central American State, or by the renunciation of our treaty with Great Britain, or in disregard of the just principles of the European act, relating to the international use of the Suez Canal. There is no necessity for any such attitude, and we should not create it by a rash refusal to accept a just treaty.

## GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD AND THE CUBAN CABINET

LEONARD WOOD, Major-General U.S.V., Governor of Cuba. That is the way in which you think and read of him, picturing, mentally, one of the reserved, sedate military individuals whom we have grown so prone to believe the only type compatible with the dignity of such a position and title.

Wood's personality is one which attracts, and one quickly understands the reasons which caused McKinley to brave all civilian and military opposition and send this thirty-nine-year-old physician to make a few chapters for the future History of the United States as Nurse of Baby Nations.

When Wood arrived he waited until the departure of General Brooke—and then he began! First, his manner of getting rid of the secretaries was characteristic. They called on him in a body and went through the formal presentation of their resignations. Wood quietly asked if they were in earnest or merely acting in accordance with what courtesy demanded. They made the only reply possible, and Wood promptly accepted their renunciations.

His next step was difficult. He was compelled to make selections for his new Cabinet, and he fully realized the importance of choosing wisely. The requisites of the new members were such as are extremely hard to find combined in individuals here in Cuba. They must be energetic, intelli-

gent, honest, cautious, diplomatic, broad-minded, popular with Cubans who favor annexation, but must, personally, represent the Independence party.

Wood knew that, to a great extent, his ultimate success depends on the work accomplished by his first Cabinet, and that the Cuban people would expect his nominations to be such as would confirm the indications he had already given as to the policy he intended to pursue.

On the afternoon of December 30 he gave out the names of his chosen six. The announcements met with roars of approbation. Approval of each secretary was unanimous all over the island. Wood had scored a success.

The insular papers of every affiliation applauded. "El Figaro," a weekly illustrated society and political journal, describes the men appointed as follows: "In the first place, the eminent editor, Enrique Jose Varona, was chosen for the folio of Finance, where he will enlighten with his vast knowledge. Dr. Diego Tamayo, an able representative of the Orient (Santiago), a distinguished patriot and one of our foremost bacteriologists, is the one whose grand character caused him to be selected for the difficult task of presiding over the Department of Government. Luis Estevez, a cultured and incorruptible patriot, thoroughly versed in judicial science, will fulfill the duties of Secretary of Justice. Dr. Hernandez Barreiro, of unquestionable ability, with a thorough knowledge of the necessities of our people, will exercise his talents in the Department of Public Instruction. Rius Rivera, who evidenced his activity and intelligence as Civil Governor of Havana, could find no better or more dignified post in which to demonstrate his love for the country, for which he fought and suffered, than the one he has accepted. As Secretary of Agriculture he has the most important work in the order of the moment. Jose R. Villalon, deeply interested in the prosperity of the country, has accepted a folio which commits him to a great deal—that of Public Works."

"El Figaro" has autonomistic tendencies, it is thought, but it carries more influence than any paper of its class on the island. "La Lucha," organ of the Independence party, the largest and most important daily in Cuba, expressed precisely the same views as those quoted above. Consequently, the new administration begins with everything in its favor. Feeling secure in regard to public opinion of his first step, Wood began preparations for what he intends to be, practically, a crusade.

He realizes that the government which he intends having here will—necessarily must—be an absolutely new structure. As Liberty is to be the keynote, respect of personal rights is one of the first lessons to be taught; then the Law can fulfill its proper functions. An honest, fearless Judiciary is the basis of all clean, equitable governments. Wood knows this, and intends to purify and morally disinfect until he succeeds in establishing what he wants.

Last year was marked by error and delay. What we down here hope—and firmly believe—is that this year will be replete with good for Cuba; that it will be one of prosperity and progress, and that this will be accomplished by heeding and avoiding repetition of the mistakes of last year.

EDWIN WARREN GUYOL.

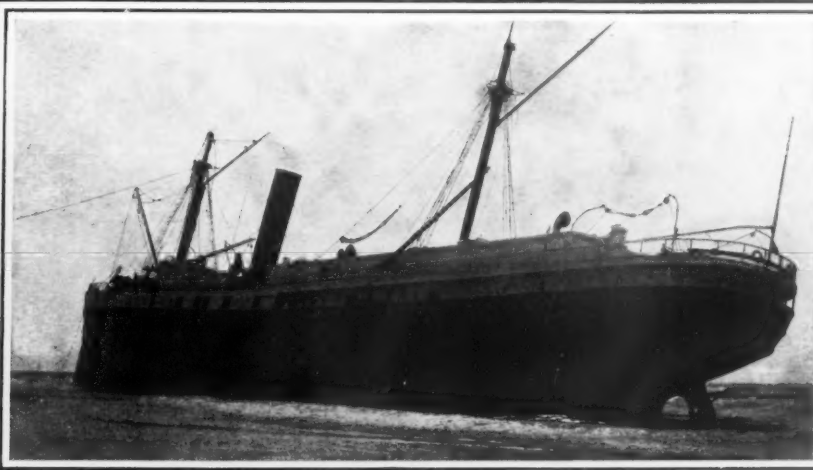
EDITOR OF "LA LUCHA," HAVANA.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HARE



A LIFE-SAVER



THE "GATE CITY" ASHORE ON GREAT SOUTH BEACH, LONG ISLAND



COMING ASHORE



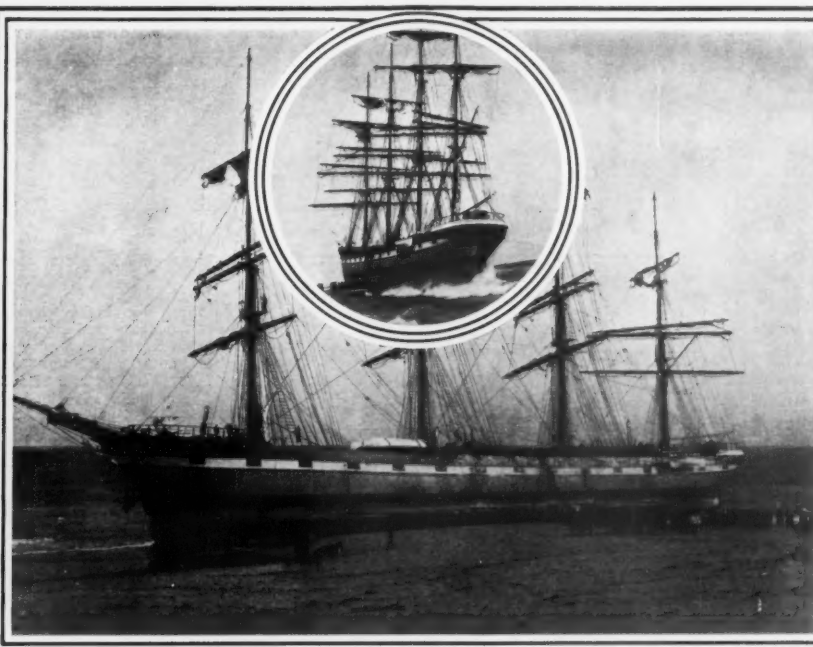
THE STERN OF THE "GATE CITY"



LAUNCHING THE MANASQUAN LIFEBOAT



THE BOW OF THE "GATE CITY"



THE "COUNTY OF EDINBURGH" ASHORE ON THE JERSEY COAST, OFF THE MANASQUAN LIFE-SAVING STATION



## WINTER WRECKS ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD

DENSE FOGS and riotous seas have set at naught the schedules of navigators within the past two weeks. Fogs are sufficient in themselves to create a *terra incognita* from the once familiar approaches to the home port. Impenetrable curtains shut down upon the shore outlines, giving out only false reports to captains on whose tense and searching eyes the security of human lives and property interests constantly depends. Thus when night and an earth cloud close in upon a vessel as she coasts in or out of New York Harbor, restless apprehensions fill the mind of every seaman on board. And these fears are often justified by the long grinding jar which announces to alert ears the stranding of the ship.

Such was the experience of the *Gate City* of the Savannah line, bound for Boston with a short list of passengers and a cargo of cotton. She put out of her New York slip with confidence in the late afternoon of February 8 and faced down the harbor in the teeth of an increasing fog. At nine o'clock the *Gate City* grounded in a dense fog on Great South Beach, Long Island, while under almost full speed. The vessel had overrun her reckoning and her speed was sufficient to cast her well up on the outer bar. The life-savers of the East Moriches station were aware for an hour before the vessel struck that a night's work lay before them, the boom of the ship's distress signals being distinctly heard on the mainland. But the fog so effectually hid the shore that signal lights were invisible to crew and passengers on the steamer.

Captain Seaman and his crew of life-savers went to the beach long before the vessel stranded and there made preparations to board her as soon as signals should indicate that need. The expected signal was sounded and the lifeboat was rushed into the water by five of the life-saving crew. The fog had now become a palpable barrier, and the sea had been roughening since dusk. The launching of the lifeboat, therefore, was a manoeuvre attended with considerable risk and difficulty. The whereabouts of the *Gate City* could be determined only by its signals, the fog hiding her from the keenest sight.

As the life-savers climbed to the steamer's deck, Captain Goggins decided to stand by the ship and only the women on board were taken ashore by the lifeboat. The ship's end tackle of a breeches buoy was left on the vessel, so that if her boats were found impossible for pur-

poses of prompt rescue this appliance could be used as a means of communication with land. The ubiquitous tugs of the wrecking companies were soon circling about the stranded vessel and the cargo of cotton was transferred by them to a sister vessel. This lightening would be sufficient, it was hoped, to enable the rising tide to effect a change in her position. A change for the worse was the result, the ship being carried over the outer bar into the inner bar, where she has since laid, rolling slightly in her bed not more than her own length distant from the shore.

The *Gate City's* fate is now in doubt. An old surfman said, as he listened to her groanings, "It all depends on the weather for the next few days whether the ship will be saved or will lay her bones along with those and those," pointing to the gaunt wrecks of the British barkentine *Brazil*, lying in the sand a few yards from the *Gate City*, and to the *Franklin*, a mile to the westward. The latter was a Havre liner, which, though wrecked in 1854, remains a plainly visible landmark for coasters along the Long Island shore. Within recent years four vessels of large tonnage have been stranded and lost on this treacherous beach.

The New Jersey coast has also its terrors for seafaring men, though winter fogs give a menacing aspect to every coast. The splendid four master, *County of Edinburgh*, bound from Cape Town, stranded on February 12 in the sand bars lying off the Manasquan life-saving station. She struck bottom almost head on, but the heavy seas have since swung her broadside to the beach. She now lies slightly imbedded in the sand not more than two hundred feet from the mainland. On the day following her mishap the wrecking crews were laying cables and anchors in preparation for moving the ship, and on the second day it was thought best to send on shore by the breeches buoy all but nine of the crew. This British vessel is one of the largest sailing ships now in the service, and extraordinary efforts are being made to save this survivor of a passing race. With her sails loosed for drying she appears from shore to be setting forth under full canvas for a Southern port. The fact of her helplessness seems contradicted by her appearance. The success of the efforts being made to float her depends on our capricious weather.



UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS, FIRST AND EIGHTEENTH COMPANIES, ON THE RAMPARTS AT MANILA

## "CLEANING UP" CAVITE PROVINCE

BY FREDERICK PALMER

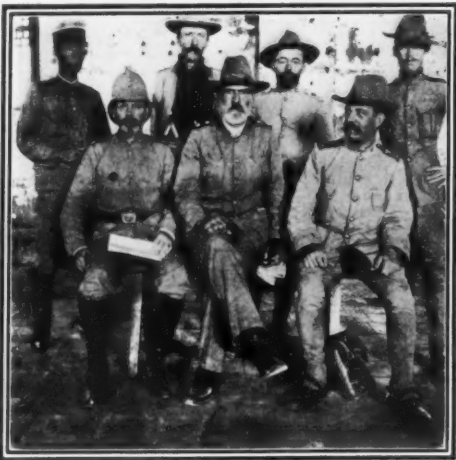
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY IN THE PHILIPPINES.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

DAS MARINAS, PROVINCE OF CAVITE, JAN. 11.

EVERY MOVEMENT, from patrolling by a squad to the advance of a division, is a "hike." Every man is a "hiker" who "hikes" well or badly, according to his endurance and nerve. This root, introduced by our Western volunteers, will have a place in the dictionaries of the future. I should define it as the wearying chase of a large body having a baggage train after a small body having no baggage train.

With the fatigue of the "hike" which has "cleaned up" Cavite Province still in my bones, I have strong personal feelings about this definition. Moreover, I think that General Bates, with his headquarters in the church across the street, and General Wheaton, with his headquarters in this nipa house, will admit the correctness of it. The bullet-bespattered church where Filipino and Spaniard more than once made their stand is emblematic of Cavite Province. Aguinado and most of the leading insurgents, and all the insurgents, were born in Cavite. Every man, woman and child here is supposed to be bitterly against our rule by the logic of innate perversity. Therein lay the very reason why General Otis left a province at the threshold of Manila to stow in its hatred. He turned to the pacification of the north, where garrisons to protect lines of communication would not eat his regiments up in a day's march.

When the last of the new volunteer regiments arrived the Southern "hike" became inevitable. General Otis, as usual, took his time for forming his plans. For the plans were entirely his; while the personal direction of the campaign fell to General Bates along with the heritage of Lawton's stars. If our admiration of Bates's work in the Sulus, where his pa-



GENERAL BATES AND STAFF AT DAS MARINAS

tience and force of character have prevented rebellion, made us forget that he was a soldier and not an administrator by profession, he has not forgotten it. While he parleyed with the sultan and the dattos he was ill at ease, looking enviously toward Luzon. When fighting is in progress, it is hard for the soldier to understand that he is doing work of account unless he is a participant. In Cavite, his friends think, there was nothing to be added to a reputation for generalship which he won on a bigger stage in Cuba.

We knew that the time for the advance had come when, on Saturday morning, he and his staff, in the khaki of war rather than the white duck of peace which they had worn so long, rode out along the dusty road from Manila to Bacoor under the escort of a troop of cavalry. General Wheaton's cook got them some luncheon, and later they found headquarters of their own. Wheaton, a soldier first, last, and all the time, is the fighting brigadier of the islands. As if he were as tireless as a machine, General Otis pitches him from one place to another, wherever the enemy is in force. His erect figure astride a dun native pony (which he would not exchange for an American horse), his face like that of one of the warriors of Durer, and the little black cane with which he directs his men are familiar to the whole army. He is as courtly and as hospitable as a gentleman of the old-fashioned school, except when he is in the field. Then a voice of thunder goes with the movements of the little black cane. When the fighting is finished his work here will be done. It is to be hoped that his country will not allow him to be retired with no more rank than when

the war with Spain began. Alas! he has no "pull"; and, if he had one, he would not know what to do with it. Probably he would turn it over to his adjutant-general to be put on file.

Of course, we had sent our troops into Cavite Province before this. We had taken Das Marinas twice, for example. General Schwan paid for every chicken that the army ate, and the people of Cavite thought that he was either mad or did it out of fear before withdrawing. (Not that we must not be kind. To be kind is right and best. Cavite will eventually appreciate kindness, we hope, as surely as a new sponge will soak up water.) Up to the time of this advance we held the road along the coast to Bacoor, and then we held Imus with four battalions of the Fourth Infantry under that fine soldier, Major Price. Our outposts were in the outskirts of the town, and every house in the town was in range of the bullets of the insurgents. Fifteen hundred of them attacked one night, only to be driven back with heavy loss after a long fusillade. The resistance made at Zapote bridge last summer, which was all but a disaster for us, was an indication of the mettle of the insurgents of Cavite, if not of their numbers. Our information made the total of insurgent rifles in Cavite on January 1 some four thousand. Besides, they had garrisons, collecting taxes and generally maintaining a government, in Batangas, Tayabas, and the other provinces to the south, which, for the most part, like the provinces of the extreme north, are alike indifferent to both Tagalog and American.

Obviously, the object of any advance in force on Cavite Province was to keep the insurgents here from moving to the south; to hem them in; to capture their rides. The bulk of them were supposed to be entrenched in Cavite, Viejo, Novaleta, Rosario, Santa Cruz, and San Francisco, where the marshes



GENERAL WHEATON ON HIS FILIPINO PONY



THE FORTY-FIFTH "TAKING TO THE WATER"





GUNS GOING SOUTH UNDER ESCORT



BRINGING IN SUSPECTS TO DAS MARINAS



A DESPERATE CASE FOR THE SURGEON

and the intersecting rivers make offensive operations difficult. While Wheaton's expeditionary brigade was to advance on Das Marinas about the time that General Schwan, with two full regiments of infantry and eight troops of cavalry—advancing along the shore of the bay from San Pedro Macati, and swinging in a circle by Binan, Silan and Indan toward Naic—was at Indan, General Lawton had planned, and both General Bates and General Wheaton, I believe, were in favor of, a third expedition by water, which was to land at Naic at the psychological moment, advancing northward as Wheaton advanced southward and Schwan swung out his cavalry from Indan. General Otis decided against it on the ground of insufficiency of troops and for other reasons. If he had followed it—well, we shall see.

The generals and their staffs rode out to Imus early Sunday morning. About this time we heard musketry and gun fire toward the southeast.

"That's Berkheimer making his feint," it was said. "He's got one battalion of the Thirty-eighth and Captain Reiley's gun with him. The object is just to wake up the insurgents over in the trenches at Novaleta, then to retreat, as if he had run into a bigger job than he had expected. That will keep 'em there so that Wheaton and Schwan can come around on the rear. It's the keynote of the movement."

"There is no need of going to see a feint," I said to Major Shields, who was my companion on the way to Imus. "We might miss something of the main movement."

Though the firing kept up for an hour and a half, I was still quite confident in my superior knowledge, which led me to miss the most interesting event of the campaign. If I had known Colonel Berkheimer then as I know him now, I should have ridden out to Novaleta at full speed. Captain in the regular army, colonel of the new volunteer Thirty-eighth, Berkheimer left his place on the Supreme Court bench where he was detailed in town, and, looking up to a brigadiership, took active command of his regiment for this campaign. The officers of his regiment are the only officers in the islands who carry their swords in the field.

"A sword is a nuisance. It gets between your legs, it catches in the bamboo, it trips you up when you are crossing paddy fields," is the verdict of the army. "If you want something to point with, get a stick or use your riding-whip. A revolver would be of no use in civilized warfare. When you get to the point where your men can't defend you and you aren't too busy attending to them to do any shooting on your own account, you'd better run up the white flag and quit."

Berkheimer, on the other hand, holds that the officer should have his emblem of authority with him. When he came to General Wheaton's headquarters to report on his "feint" his emblem of authority was clanking at his heels. He also takes the band with the regiment wherever it goes, guerilla warfare notwithstanding. The army respects him as an authority on text-books and as a soldier.

"What was I going to do?" he asked. "My orders were to make contact at long range and withdraw. The Filipinos were cheering Viva Filipino! and daring us to come on. I couldn't run away, then."

He sent two companies on either side of the road up into close range. Captain Reiley got to within two hundred and fifty yards, firing canister. Two of his men were wounded in the space of a minute. The others ducked; for two men of a gun's complement are a goodly percentage.

"Come, get up here and attend to business," said Reiley, in the tone of the parade-ground; and they did.

Berkheimer continued his feint by taking a company in personal command, crossing a stream and swinging round to the rear of the trenches, all unseen by the enemy so intently interested in our men in front.

"I could have got up close enough to have shaken hands with them," said the colonel. "We did get within a hundred yards. By that time I was worried to death lest our own men should fire on us; so I ordered three American cheers to let our men know where we were, and then we let them have it. They tried to run, but it didn't do them much good. We caught some at twenty-five yards. There was a big private at my side who brought his man down every time. I counted sixty-nine dead myself, and I was too tired to look around in the bushes. We dressed over forty wounded."

Among those who fell was Charles Johnson, a private who deserted from the Sixth Artillery and afterward wrote to his former comrades to come over to the Filipino side, and be sure to bring their rifles. He had four wounds, one through his brain being fatal. Yet he lived long enough to speak his name and ask for water. His uniform was that of a major. In his pocket was a list of his troops, their position, a commission in the Filipino army, and an excellent map of the immediate territory around the trenches, which Colonel Dorst afterward used on his expedition to Quintana.

"I always obey orders," said Colonel Berkheimer in all sincerity. "I evacuated the trenches at once and withdrew my force, as I was told to do."

There are armies that would have tried Colonel Berkheimer by court-martial. We can smile and perhaps admire his dash, which proved again the contention held by most of our generals, that what is needed are small mobile forces that can manoeuvre and not large forces taking trenches in front in set fashion.

But the keystone of the movement was flat on the ground. After such a killing the insurgents did not return to their



BRINGING UP A MAXIM UNDER FIRE



THE THIRTY-EIGHTH'S BAPTISM OF FIRE



THE MILITARY ROAD INTO DAS MARINAS



ON THE STEPS OF BACOR CHURCH

trenches at Novaleta. They were doubtless convinced that five thousand of their enemy were directly in front of them. News of the advance of Wheaton's and Schwan's columns bore out the conclusion. They had only about half as far to travel in order to reach Naic, and they started at once.

When Major Shields and I were scarcely a mile out of Bacoor we met a returning ambulance wagon, which is always suggestive. A young lieutenant with blanched face lifted himself up on his elbow, looked out at us, and then fell back with an expression of misery. It was Cheney of the Fourth Infantry. In a reconnaissance at Imus at daylight, at the head of two squads he had charged a trench occupied by Filipinos, who were nearly caught by a flank fire as they ran by some scouts under Lieutenant Way of the Fourth. Two men were killed and wounded. Cheney died from shock and loss of blood. This was only an incident, to be sure; but this is a campaign of incidents, of a man and an officer killed here and there.

The two remaining battalions of the Thirty-eighth were sent out almost at once toward Das Marinas. Those unkind veterans of the Fourth, restless at being kept in garrison while the troops were sent against the enemy, which had fired at them night after night, told the Thirty-eighth that they would shed their blanket rolls—only children carried them in this country any way—and wish that they were home with mamma before sundown. The Thirty-eighth told the Fourth to go to the devil and to keep under cover for fear of sunburn. One battalion was on either side of the road, while Captain Howland of General Wheaton's staff rode at the head of Buckee's guns along the road.

It was part of General Bates's plan that the two battalions should bivouac where the road leading out of Imus divides, and, going to the right and the left, then leads to Das Marinas like two exterior tines of a pitchfork. An old Philippine campaigner (who had seen the early days when every inhabitant evacuated before us and the later days when the families remain to receive us) could see in the deserted nipa huts a promise of opposition.

"Watch out! Keep your line! This is just the place for it. You are likely to get it any minute," Captain Howland, who realized that the Thirty-eighth had yet to have its baptism of fire, kept calling out.

When within five hundred yards of the place of bivouac two or three hundred bullets spoke in a breath to the line across the paddy fields on the right. Every one went over our heads. "Cover!" the officers of the battalion cried. In ten seconds you would not have known that there was a soldier in the land. They were all behind a paddy dike. If the Filipinos in the trenches at the point where we were to make our bivouac had had any "savey," as the soldiers say, they would have sent volley after volley after us just on the line of the ground where we had disappeared. Then, as in the Civil War, when we advanced we would have left behind a row of men with holes through their heads.

"Say, can you see anything?" asked a private.

Of course we could not. But that is the first idea of a man in a combat. He wants to see his antagonist as the premise of getting at him. The days of smokeless powder leave to the discerning eye of the officer and his sense of topography to tell whether the enemy is in the neck of the woods or behind this or that rise of ground. With the speed of one who is on the scent, Captain Howland came riding out into the field through the bamboos. The childlike enemy aimed thirty or forty volleys at him, and, therefore, he was perfectly safe. He told the officers to charge. The men were ready for it. They had gotten their second breath and they were over their surprise. They wanted to hit back. They went at the trenches, rushing and firing.

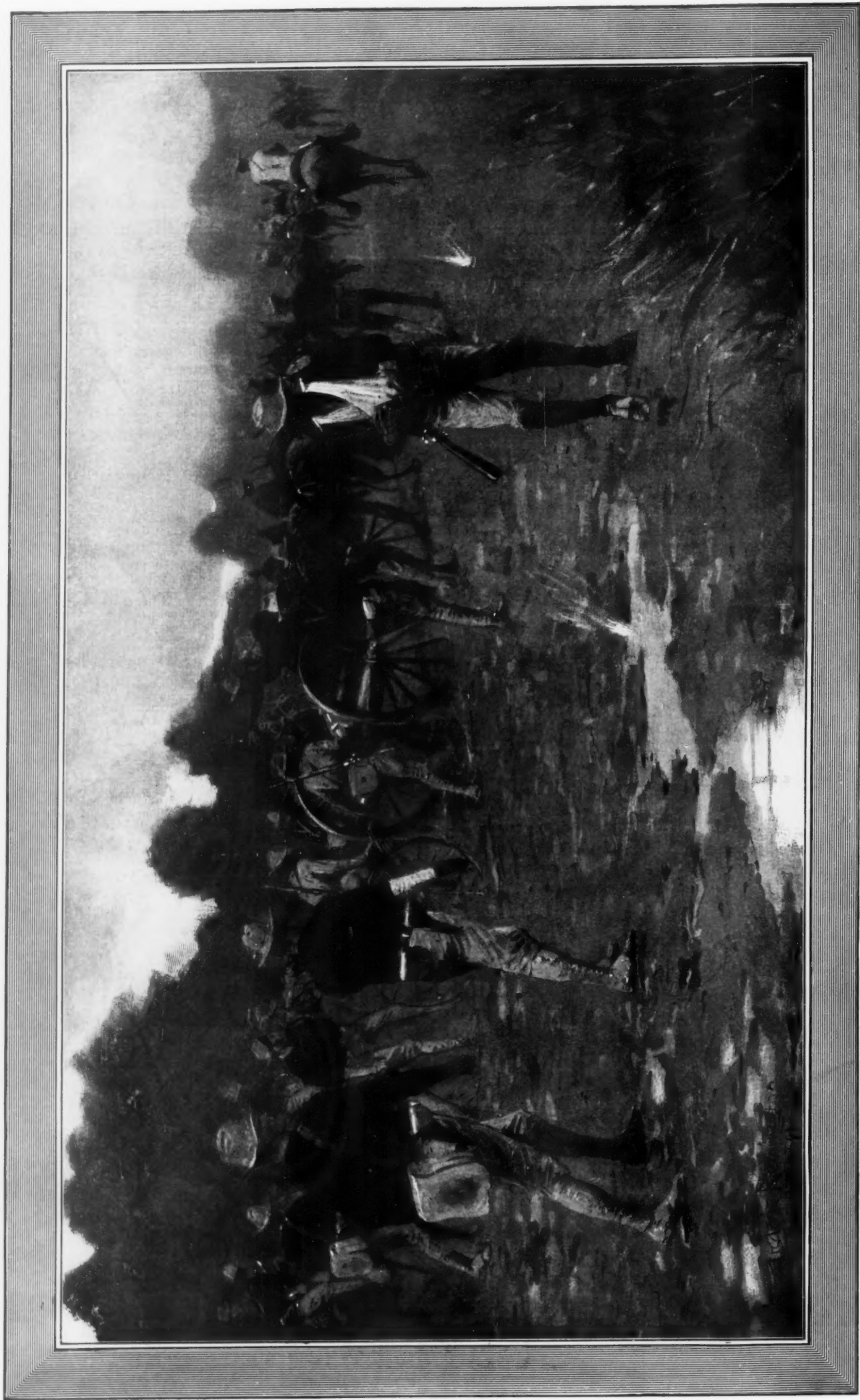
"You can't do anything. Don't fire over green troops!" Captain Howland cried to the gunners.

Just here the prophecy of the Fourth was fulfilled. The blanket rolls were dropped promiscuously over the field. When the men had finished the charge a great many of them took off their underclothes; as the *summa cum laude* by which they were graduated as real soldier men. They had killed ten or twelve of the enemy, including the colonel of the Cavite regiment, and their own loss was one sergeant killed and ten wounded out of a battalion.

"Gee, but that was a scrap!" said one of the happy wounded—the wounded who are not wounded seriously are always happy—"and we did 'em alright, alright, didn't we?"

The advance on Das Marinas was a kind of procession. General Bates and General Wheaton rode at the head of the artillery along the road, with wings of skirmishers on either side and scouts feeling their way ahead. Behind the artillery was a part of the Twenty-eighth Regiment and the whole of the Forty-fifth. Yes, and there was Colonel Berkheimer's band. One shot was fired on the extreme right, but apparently not at the band.

So we are in Das Marinas, where General Bates, puffing at his pipe and scanning his maps, is doing all that a man can do by sending out columns to scour the country, which meet only with the opposition of bad trails. General Schwan's cavalry had a rush with the rear-guard of the retreating insurgents at Naic, which was the end of the campaign. We have Cavite Province, and can keep it if we have enough soldiers here. But the insurgents with their rifles are in the mountains between Cavite and Batangas, waiting for us to send another expedition after them.

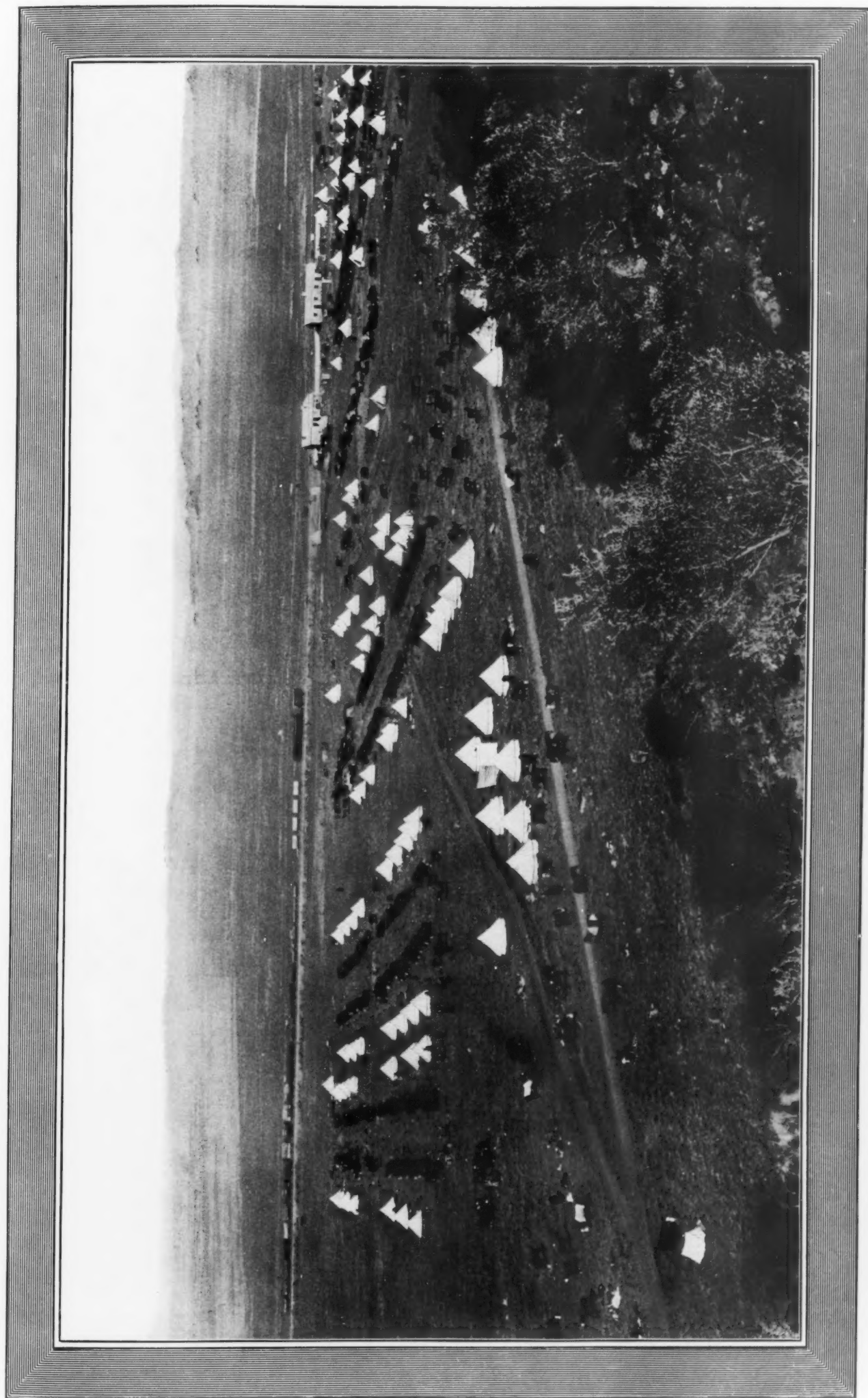


DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE PHILIPPINES

### BRINGING UP THE GUNS UNDER FIRE

THE ARTILLERY OF COLONEL LOCKETT'S COMMAND GOING INTO ACTION NEAR MONTALBAN, NORTHEAST OF SAN MATEO, LUZON, DECEMBER 27





### FRENCH'S KIMBERLEY RELIEF COLUMN

GENERAL FRENCH'S CAMP AT ARUNDEL, CAPE COLONY, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE HE STARTED NORTH ON HIS FAMOUS CAVALRY RAID WHICH RESULTED IN THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY

COPYRIGHT 1900 IN AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN BY E. W. HORNUNG



DRAWN BY A. L. KELLER

"WILL YOU TAKE THEM," CRIED THE GIRL, "OR LEAVE THEM?"

# A PRISONER OF POWER

BY E. W. HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN," "YOUNG BLOOD," "A LOCHINVAR OF THE OLD MAN PLAIN," ETC., ETC.



HERE WERE ONLY six passengers by that coach, and they had seen more than enough of each other after a night and a day of it. The squatter nodded by the driver's seat, an apparent hunchback, his long hard beard stretching to his stomach's pit. Almost every minute some inequality of the road would interrupt his slumbers, lift the beard a little, and momentarily lessen the curve of the rounded back; then the body of the vehicle would swing back upon its leathern springs, and the jerk would end in diminishing vibrations which left the old gentleman dozing in a bunch as before. On his left a young lady, his daughter, bore up as best she could under the intolerable attentions of a travelling insurance agent equipped by use and nature with all the pachydermatous impertinence of his trade. Such were the outside passengers. The other three preferred to travel under cover. And now they were travelling without a word—the seafaring youth, with his back to the horses, looking doggedly out of window from a face that might have been carved out of old mahogany. On the roomier seat opposite sat a little man behind a newspaper, and a long man with an immense mustache. The little man seemed intent upon his reading. The man with the mustache appeared to be asleep. Nevertheless, both were watching the weather-beaten lad with the heavy scowl and the glittering eye.

It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. The rough-hewn road, scored with deep ruts, made in the rainy season, and since hard-baked, wound in and out among the gum-trees, but always downhill, and sometimes at such a gradient that the driver got both feet upon the brake and leaned back red in the face, with taut reins and bulging muscles. It was after such a descent, in the course of which the agent had held his tongue and the squatter opened his eyes, that the coach came to a sudden standstill instead of making up for lost time.

A felled tree blocked the path; a man with a short snuff-colored beard, and very fierce eyes, sat on horseback behind the tree; in his hands a rifle, not actually presented, but held in rest a few inches below the shoulder.

"Be easy, friends," said he, "I shan't shoot unless you force me to."

The driver's eyes stood out like beads. The agent's tongue was still for once. The sleepy squatter was the first to find

his voice; his back was no longer bowed, and his beard shot out from his chin at the angle of all defiance.

"And who the devil are you?" he cried. "And why the devil should you shoot?"

"My name is Power," returned the bushranger. "I trust the lady feels reassured? At least I know better than to swear before a lady." And the rascal removed his wide-awake with a sweeping bow, while the squatter used worse language than before, but in his beard, and at the driver.

"Whip up, man!" he whispered. "Drive over him! He can't hit us all; lash him across the face before he can fire, you—"

The driver swore back, pointing to the felled tree.

"Then give me your whip, coward!"

And the old gentleman was stretching across the apron when the rifle clicked.

"I don't want to drop you, sir."

"Father! Father!"

"But I will if you make me."

"Father, do you hear him?"

"Yes, I hear the blackguard. And I suppose there is no help for it. But if there was another man worthy of the name—if there was one of you with the pluck of a louse—" and he swept driver and agent with the withering fire of his eyes. "What about the inside passengers?" he called. "Isn't there a man among you in there? It's Power, the bushranger. Haven't we a kick between us? Where's that young fellow from the diggings?"

The young fellow in question was the first to get out, suddenly enough, his hands in his pockets, yet with a certain devil-may-care satisfaction upon his bronzed face.

"The diggings, eh?" said Power, from his saddle. "That's good enough. Come forward, my young friend, and take a seat on this log. How many more inside?"

"Two," said the youth, obeying indifferently.

"Come out of it, you two!" roared Power at once, winking at those upon the box, from whom he had never lowered his eyes; "and come out with your hands up, or, by Crimes, you'll be turning up your toes instead. That's it. Out you come. Sit you down. But lower them hands at your peril. Now then, ladies and gentlemen up above, down you come, there's plenty of room for all."

And in another minute all were seated on the log, the men with their hands up, the lady with hers clasped in her lap. Power surveyed them with his quiet smile, then with a prick of the spur, but without touching the reins, he leaped his

horse over the near end of the felled tree, trotted round the coach, and returned in the same way on the off-side while his victims still sat open-mouthed beneath their lifted hands.

"So that's the lot," said Power with satisfaction. "We are seven, eh? Well, I'm sorry to keep you gentlemen in such an uncomfortable attitude a moment longer than is necessary, but when there's a lady in the case, why it's ladies first and the rest nowhere. So may I trouble you, miss, to step just a yard or two this way?"

With that the bushranger slid from his horse, slipped his left arm through the reins, and stood within five yards of his row of victims, his rifle held short in his right hand. It was, however, a revolving rifle, fitted with a revolver's butt above the other, and adapted for use either way.

Without consulting her father, without any hesitation whatever, the girl stepped forward with her closed hands, stopped, and held them open within Power's reach. And in them already lay all her trinkets, her watch, her chain, her earrings, her locket, the very rings she had been wearing, drawn from her fingers and jingling in her palms. She proffered the lot with a delicious disdain by no means lost on Harry Power. The bushranger had one eye on the row beyond, but he had always another for a fine young woman, and it twinkled now with no unkind or disrespectful light.

"I'm not going to take all those, young lady."

"And I'm not going to stand here while you pick and choose."

Power smiled in her indignant face.

"A chip of the old block," said he admiringly.

"Will you take them," cried the girl, "or leave them? I don't much mind being robbed by you, but I do mind talking to you. So we'll get it over, if you please, as quickly as possible."

Power looked upon his fair adversary. The smile had gone out of his glittering eyes, and for the moment his swarthy skin wore a warmer tint. Then the smile returned, the cloud passed, and the best of the bushrangers was himself again.

"It's over," said he, "I won't touch any of 'em. You've got a sharp tongue, young lady, but I admire you for it. Keep your fal-lals, they're no use to me; but I wouldn't take 'em if they were. No, you needn't thank me. Wait till I've finished with the old gentleman. It's his turn next."

The squatter parted cheerfully with a roll of one-pound notes. He was proud of his daughter, and too pleased with the treatment she had received to rebel any further against the inevitable.



"I'm sorry to take so much," said Power, "from you, sir, for I know a man and a gentleman when I see him in the same skin. But I'm as lean as a crow for want of rations, and that's the fact. You don't want to drop me now, do you?"

"Not so much," said the old gentleman frankly; "but I've nothing to do it with, even if I did."

"What! not armed?"

"I wish I had been."

The bushranger looked him through and through.

"All right, sir; you needn't hold up your hands any more. Next man."

This was the insurance agent. He was trembling pitifully. Power began by robbing him without scruple or restraint, but ultimately returned five pounds.

"You may want that when you get down to Melbourne. I don't like to be too hard on any man. Next passenger!"

It was the little man who had been buried in the newspaper. He was an ill-favored, red-haired, small-eyed rat of a man, and he wasted time by lying valiantly under the very muzzle of the revolving rifle. In the end Power seized him by the neck, rammed the barrel into his mouth, and thereafter relieved him of his last possession.

"So you've been to the diggings, too?" said the bushranger, feeling the little wash-leather wallet which the taste of the pistol had extracted quickly enough. "Well, better go back to them, and here's something to give you a fresh start, though you don't deserve it. Now, then, lamp-post!"

The long man rose slowly, a hangdog figure, with the brim of his wideawake pulled over his nose, and little but his enormous mustache showing below. And the sunburned youth, who had discovered a sturmwind satisfaction at the discomfiture of the last victim, leaned forward where he sat with a grim mouth and smouldering eyes.

The bushranger smiled upon the bent head with its visor of gray felt, and his smile was bland.

"Hold your head up, Gipsy," said he. "Think I wouldn't know you in a crowd? Why, I spotted you right off. I'm not the best man in the world to forget Gipsy—"

The long man said something under his mustache. His head was lifted; his hands were spread.

Power considered, a contemptuous smile upon his bearded lips, his black eyes hard as flints.

"All right," said he. "I won't split on an old pal by giving them your name; but I'll take your last stiver, Gipsy, just in memory of the little trick you once served me."

A tremendous thwack resounded through the bush. It came from the hand and thigh of the seafaring youth. Power scowled at him across his half-raised piece.

"I'll remember that," said he quietly. "It'll be your turn in a minute, and I'll serve you the same."

"You can do your worst," replied the lad scornfully.

"All right, I will," said Power sternly; and with that he compelled the long man to empty his pockets at the pistol's point—for this victim was as shifflily reluctant as the last.

Those on the tree could not see the various articles, for the long man's back was between them and his treasures. They received, however, some idea of the latter from the caustic commentary supplied by Harry Power.

"Lord, yes, you can keep your pipe! I'd rather die by the rope, thank'ee. And your baccy. And your beast of a knife—no, on second thoughts, I'll take that away from you; it's cut enough—but we'll say no more about that. What have we here? The old game, Gipsy? The ruling passion, eh? Well, you'll have to rule it till you get down to Melbourne, for I'm going to keep these; you wouldn't grudge them to a solitary man? Besides, I must look and see if it's the old marks still. And now for the dibs—ah! you would, would you? I know what's in that hand; drop it, or I'll drop you! Now, out with your hand. Out with it; up with 'em both!"

And Power transferred a loaded revolver from the long man's breast-pocket to his own; then he felt further in the same pocket, and a further transference, less easy to follow from the fallen tree, was the immediate result.

"Another lucky digger!" cried the delighted bushranger; "you chaps should have chartered a gold escort, that's what you should have done. No, Gipsy, I don't return one penny-weight to you. I want to know who you murdered for it first. So sling your hook, old man, and keep them hands up, and think yourself lucky it's not your toes. Now, young fellow!"

The stripling came forward with a nonchalant lurch. Power looked him up and down.

"So this amuses you, does it?"

"It does."

"Well, you're going to supply some of the fun for a change?"

"I guess I am."

Power paused; there was a singular ring in the young man's voice, a singular look upon his face.

"From the diggings, too, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Lucky as the others?"

"No."

"Well, let's see what you've got?"

"Oh, you can see it."

And the young man emptied his pockets as none had done before him—with apparent pleasure, with alacrity at least—tossing article after article contemptuously at the bushranger's feet. Again there were pipe, tobacco, matches, and a knife; also a silver watch, handed over, but declined; also a small unserviceable pin-fire revolver, handed over by the barrel with a brazen face that drew a roar of contempt from the squatter on the tree; and that was all.

"Well," said Power, "where's your money?"

"I haven't got any money."

"Your gold, then?"

"I haven't got any gold."

"Yet you came from the diggings?"

"I can't help that."

Power stood staring into the reckless weather-beaten face, which never flinched, which showed no sign of yielding, but rather set firmer and firmer upon a dogged defiance, queerly lighted by the grim humor of the eyes. It was this last admixture which occupied Power's attention, and finally threw him into a towering rage.

"You young fool," he shouted, "what good do you think you'll get by this. You come from the diggings, and you pretend you haven't a cent! I suppose it's in your boots, or sewn up in your clothes. All right, I'll take every stitch you've got on."

A voice came from the tree.

"Own up," said the driver; "it's the same for all, and we want to be getting on, you know."

"So do I," cried Power; "so do I want to be getting on. Are you going to own up and fork out, or have I got to keep you back and strip you stark, and leave you tied to a tree?"

"I don't care what you do."

"Right you are," said Power fiercely. "You'll care before I've done with you. Go ahead, driver, I shan't trouble you; get your passengers to lend you a hand with that old tree; the sooner you get a start the better. As for this blithering young idiot, he's got to learn a lesson, and he's got to come with me to learn it."

Something gleamed in the bushranger's left hand. It was a pair of handcuffs stolen from the police.

"Your right hand," said Power laconically.

It was held out without a word. The gyve closed with a click.

"Now come this way."

Another click, and the bushranger had handcuffed his prisoner to the near stirrup of his horse.

"Mind your fingers!"

And Power had mounted without touching them, and with out removing his own from the trigger of the revolving rifle, which was in rest as before, as ready for use from the shoulder or the hand.

It was not wanted. There was another weapon in the armory of Harry Power as in that of all the bushrangers and highwaymen who ever cut a creditable figure at their discreditable trade; a weapon worth all the firearms a man could carry. It is not the pistol that strikes terror to the heart. It is the unwavering hand that holds the pistol, the iron finger on the trigger, the relentless eye gleaming with resolution, and fixed as fate. Such was especially the equipment of a desperado who is known to have robbed upward of a hundred persons without firing upon one. Indeed, though his open profession was that of "robbing under arms," he would often conduct the operations with an empty piece, trusting entirely to a strength of character in itself supreme, though so deplorably misapplied. So entirely did Harry Power deserve his surname that half the world fancied it a somewhat vainglorious, but incontestably appropriate, sobriquet.

These people knuckled under to him in their turn. That was all. The driver, knowing his reputation best, had been the first to accept the inevitable; the squatter, who was the last, was now as docile as the rest. Together they rolled the felled gum tree to one side. One after another they climbed into their places, inside or out; there also, however, the quatter was the last to follow the general example.

"You're not going to do this youngster any harm, Power?"

"That depends upon himself," returned the bushranger.

The prisoner smiled.

"Don't mind me, sir," said he to the squatter. "He's making a big mistake, and he'll find it out in time. I haven't got the value of a red cent upon me."

Power was watching the driver on the box, lighting his pipe and composing his reins as though nothing untoward had happened. The squatter edged a trifle nearer to the youth.

"I'll see to your swag," he contrived to whisper.

"I haven't got a swag," replied the prisoner aloud.

"Thanks, all the same."

The other knew better, and glanced aghast at Power, upon whom, however, this gratuitous hint was evidently lost. Vigilant to the last, the bushranger sat motionless in his saddle, with ready rifle and reader hand, an equestrian statue of coolness and resolution. The sun gleamed upon barrel, and stirrup, and spur; gleamed without twinkling, as on the still-est waters under heaven; for the bushranger never moved until the squatter had mounted to his place, and the driver had cracked his whip, and the gray gum trees had closed at last upon the latest coachload of his victims.

Then Power spoke, and his voice was different. Grim enough still, and masterful as ever, it was none the less distinguished by a crude consideration and a bluff good-nature hitherto lacking in his tone toward the youth whom he had taken prisoner.

"We must get out of this," said he; "there's no saying when the traps may be on my track now. But I don't want to gall your wrist with my spur. You're a plucky young devil enough; are you a man of your word as well?"

"I should hope so."

"Even when you give it to a bushranger?"

"When I give it to anybody on God's earth."

"Well, will you give me your word to follow close upon my horse's hoofs?"

"Yes."

"If you don't—"

And Power stopped in leaning down to reach the handcuffs, an ugly glitter in his jet black eyes.

"If I don't," said the lad contemptuously, "you'll know it soon enough, and I give you leave to drill a hole in me."

"A bargain," said Power.

And the other was free.

A hard hour awaited him. The sun fell fiercely where it fell at all; where it could not penetrate the everlasting gum-leaves, the closeness was worse than honest heat, the confined odor of eucalyptus almost overpowering; and the bushranger headed constantly uphill, while, though he intersected several rough bush tracks, he never followed one. In a very little time the follower on foot was bathed in perspiration, bruised, breathless, and torn to the skin by thicket and scrub. His plight became piteous. And the outlaw, glancing round from time to time, at last took pity.

"This isn't fair," said he, dismounting. "I've been going too fast. We'll swap for a bit."

And for the better part of another hour he led his horse, while his prisoner, resting gratefully in the saddle, gradually grew cool enough to review the situation with the wonder it was beginning to deserve, but he could make nothing of it; and at last this strange journey was at an end.

They seemed to have been ascending all the time, yet now they were in a deep though narrow gorge, thickly timbered at the end by which they had entered, closed by huge boulders at the other. An invisible cleft in some lofty saddle of the ranges, it was an ideal hiding-place, and as such the bushranger had evidently used it before. Between them the boulders formed a natural cave, and where they did not meet a natural chimney whose blackened sides betrayed abundant use. When they entered this aperture was filled with so much fading sky; an hour later it should have held a handful of glittering stars; but there was no seeing them for the smoke from the fire, over which sat Power and his prisoner side by side.

"So this is the famous lair!" the latter had exclaimed on entering.

"One of them," Power had replied, with his grim chuckle. "A man who doesn't pay rates or taxes can have as many homes as he likes, and, by Crimes, he needs them!"

Thereupon the young man had offered to strip as arranged, and to pass every separate article of his attire through Power's hands. But the bushranger had replied with sudden asperity that he would mind his own business in his own time. And that time was still to come; for they had eaten, they had supped—corned meat and fresh damper and hot tea had made new men of them, but not talkative men, for one of them was tongue-tied now with sheer wonder and amazement, and the other watched him over his glowing pipe bowl with tireless but inscrutable eyes.

"I am going to ask you some questions," said Power at length. "You've got to tell the truth right through; then it may not go so hard with you."

The lad nodded. It had not gone very hard with him as yet. Not that it would have made much difference if it had, the spell of Power's personality was very heavy on him now; there was an end of the dauntless independence which had characterized the earlier attitude of this young man.

"You're a sailor," began the bushranger, merely asserting the pretty patent fact.

"I was," was the reply to that.

"What ship?"

"A Glasgow clipper; but it's the north of England where I belong."

"So I hear. What rating?"

"Apprentice."

"Deserted for the diggings, of course?"

"Like a fool!"

"How long ago?"

"Seven months."

"You made your pile quickly!"

"It wasn't that much of a pile," sighed the apprentice, thinking only of that to which he referred, and all unconscious of the significance of such reference.

Power made no remark. Nor did his black eyes glitter as they would in anger. They twitched instead.

"And yet more than enough," said he, "to go and lose at a sitting to a cursed old sharper like Gipsy Prince. Sit still! You'll cave your head in if you don't take care."

The apprentice had banged his head against the overhanging boulder in the involuntary impulse which brings men to their feet in moments of acute surprise.

"But how on earth did you know?" he cried. "Who told you? Did he?"

Power smiled as he wagged his beard.

"He didn't need. I knew him of old! We were in Pentridge together and he once had me with loaded dice which I do believe he brought in with him in each cheek! That's what I meant when I reminded him of his little tricks; he used to throw us for our rations till we found him out and half killed the swine: he's a shark and sharper through and through, and well known for it all over the colony. That's why he wanted his name kept dark. Gipsy Prince! A nice name for a thing like that. And so he hooked you, too; it wouldn't have been G. P. if he hadn't! Was it the three-card trick, or which?"

"No trick at all," said the apprentice gloomily. "It was fair and square play; only they could play and I couldn't."

The bushranger checked a smile.

"Oh! So they both played, did they?"

"Yes—together—as soon as they got to know each other."

"They were strangers to begin with, then?"

"Yes, and inclined to be quarrelsome until the brute you know pulled out a pack of cards to settle some point; then he told us he was a gambler, though a very unlucky one; and he and the little chap played euchre from that moment until your Gipsy Prince refused to play with the little chap any longer, he was losing so heavily. So then I had a turn to give him a chance, and, though they had to teach me the game, it was the same thing over again. The luck was all one way, and I all but cleared that tall chap out. Then we all three played together."

"Same game?" inquired Power.

"No—loo."

"Any limit?"

"None."

"And didn't you win?"

"At first. I nearly doubled my pile, to start with."

"You would. And then?"

"First I lost my head, and then every farthing. It was my own cursed fault. I'd tasted blood, and I was just drunk with the excitement. But the luck had turned, and I never had another show. They won my very swag, and all there was in it. So, you see, I told you the honest truth."

Power made no remark. His manner was a tacit acceptance of the fact just stated, and yet that fact seemed to be immaterial to him. The apprentice could not understand it.

Meanwhile the last flame flickered, and the stars showed at last through the aperture above, while only the red embers of the fire remained below. Power smoked steadily; he had been smoking all this time. When his pipe was out he would cut a fresh filling, stuff it home, and light up with a smouldering brand that leaped to transient flame in the process. The short-lived light would show his strong face scored across and across with conflicting lines, suggesting a mind divided against itself. When at last he spoke it was in the crisp, sharp tones of ultimate decision.

"And how much was this little pile of yours?"

"There were four bags with fifty ounces of gold dust in each—about twenty pounds—and a draft on some Melbourne shipping agents."

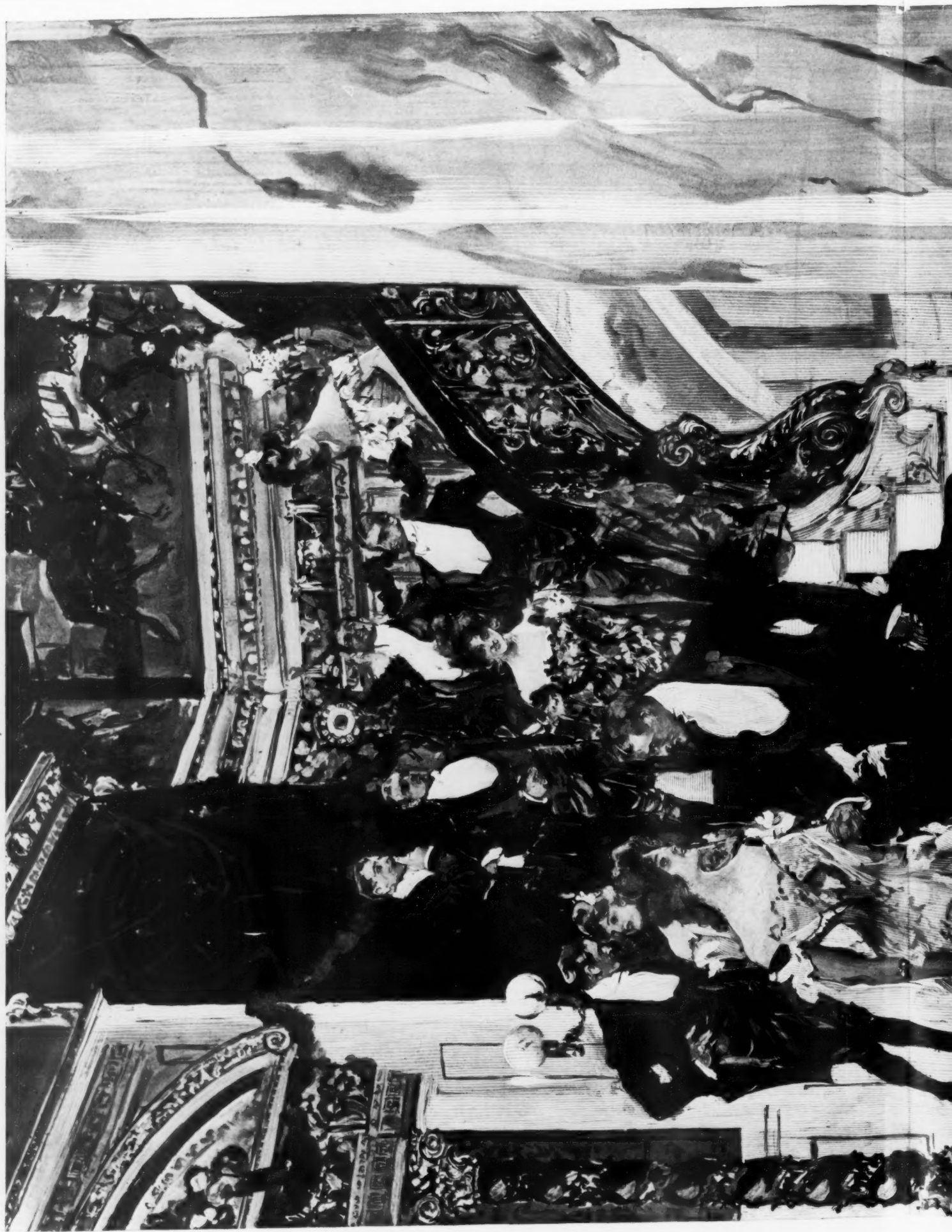
"Going home again, were you?"

"I was," said the boy, with a bitter emphasis. "Going to retire in your teens—you can hardly be out of them—on something under a thousand pounds, eh?"

"No fear," replied the apprentice, stung by the contemptuous tone of all these questions. "If you want to know, my people have a farm, and this was going into it. They're old—they're not doing well—they thought I'd never do well—"

And out came all the details in a burst; trivial, immaterial, terribly commonplace details that yet made up a convincing whole, and were somehow the more pathetic for their very triviality and homeliness. This had been a wandering sheep. Evil had been predicted of him. And he had fulfilled the worst prophecies: first, by insisting upon following the sea; afterward, by deserting his ship and so forfeiting the apprentice's premium which the poor old people had pinched themselves to pay. But his little pile would have made all good; his little pile was to have done so much. And now—

COLLIER'S WEEKLY







## *THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON*

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

"And what now?" asked Power unsympathetically, as the unhappy youth stuck fast.

"I'll stick to you!"

This wild announcement surprised the bushranger hardly more than it surprised the apprentice himself. It was the inspiration of the moment, neither more nor less. Yet the words were no sooner uttered than the speaker realized that he meant every one of them. He had lost everything. He had nothing more to lose. And he had been wild always, wild as the words which had sprung to his lips even as the thought was springing to his brain.

"The devil you will," said Power at length, but more kindly than he had spoken for some time.

"But I mean it!" the apprentice cried. "You brought me here. Shake me off if you can! You'll have to put a bullet in me first; and you're not the man to do that to one who'll stick to you through thick and thin. Give me a trial, and you won't want to shake me off at all!"

His eyes were alight as the stars above. His breath came fast. The boy was in earnest; there could be no doubt of it. And Power pondered on his side of the dying fire.

"I've often wished for a mate—"

"I'm the very man for you! Say you'll take me!"

"I must think about it."

"No, say the word. Say it once for all, and I'm—I'm yours body and soul!"

"To swing in the end?"

"What does it matter?"

"A boy like you—"

"A short life and a merry one!"

"Well, let's take the night to think it over."

"But my mind's made up."

"It'll do no harm to sleep upon it. Do you think you can sleep?"

"I'll do my best."

"Then here's a blanket. Turn in now, and give me till the morning. No—we won't shake hands on it till then. You remind me of another young chap I once had camping with me. But somehow I don't think I'll have to treat you as I treated him!"

Power spoke the truth.

When the excited apprentice finally fell asleep it was to sleep but the hour or two then remaining before sunrise.

Yet he awoke alone. There was no sign of the bushranger in the cave, and none of his horse outside. The apprentice shouted; for answer his own voice came echoing back. It was only then that he noticed the piece of paper fluttering about the natural floor of the cave.

It was a one-pound note. But that was not all. There was writing in pencil on the back of the note, illiterate writing, ill spelled, unpunctuated, yet with a separate line for

each sentence, so that the first effect was that of some uncouth fragment of very blank verse.

The manuscript read thus

"I don't want no mate.

"Nor did and never will.

"But I'm not going to rob the only Mate I've had if I wanted one at all.

"So your offers saved your bacon.

"I ment to give you Sum all along, but now I'm damned if I keep anny.

"Go outside and you will see.

"Then go straight for sunrise till you strike the Creek; then upstream, and all should be well by this forenoon.

"N. B.—The cars were mark, so you need not mind.

"But I wooden tell Gipsy Prince if I was you and not your Freind.

"H. POWER."

The apprentice ran outside, but could see nothing. Then suddenly he felt one of his pockets dragging. It was the jacket pocket on the opposite side to that on which he had been sleeping. Every pennyweight and every penny of his little "pile" had been put back there while the apprentice slept.

THE END



## LONDON LETTER



SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

IN THESE DAYS of bereavement, anguish and suspense I sometimes picture to myself the spirit of the English people as a strained, haggard face, peering from a lattice out into a dawnless night. The expectancy of this image is most assertive, but its hope is more akin to despair, and the dawn which it appears to await is still darkness unrelieved by the vaguest ray. Parliament has met, and to those anxious for definite action its movements have been terribly tardy. Up to date an enormous amount of time has been wasted in aimless talk. "The country," said Lord Rosebery, on meeting-day, "will carry this thing through, in spite of all the impediments, both of men and motives, which have shackled it in the past; but it will have to be inspired by a loftier tone and a truer patriotism than we have heard from the Prime Minister to-night." This was in reply to an airy kind of speech from Lord Salisbury, universally admitted, in the present crucial times, to have been both feeble and ill-advised. The Premier thought it was now not useful to examine the past action of Ministers unless the critics could instil a better. As for the great previous armaments of the Boers, nobody could be expected to have had any knowledge of them, since the guns were usually introduced within the Transvaal disguised among boilers and locomotives, and the munitions masqueraded between piano cases and tubs. Later, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Balfour had a rather lame wrangle about the management of imperial troops.

The remainder of the Parliamentary week has been more interesting. Sir Charles Dilke, always able and sometimes astonishingly so, handled the Government without gloves. He denounced in harshest terms its density and sloth. He placed himself on the list of those beings whom the "Times" holds so offensive, with their "deluges of words," "pettifogging criticisms," "carping comments," "logic-chopping and recriminatory charges," and "trumpety point." For the London "Times," as I need scarcely remind my readers, is nothing if not Tory. Sir Charles Dilke was answered with much heat and spirit by Mr. George Wyndham, who would not have it that the Cabinet had erred, and who showered praise upon his party for their tact and expedition in sending forth so large a defence in so brief a time. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, now grown a determined Radical, made himself conspicuous by moving a Vote of Censure. He put this as an addendum to the usual Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, and it is needless to add that his proceeding created a profound sensation, since the result of it may cause destruction of the present Government. His words were very simple, and ran thus: "We humbly express our regret at the want of knowledge, foresight and judgment displayed by your Majesty's advisers, alike in their conduct of South African affairs since 1895, and in their preparations for the war now proceeding." That phrase, "since 1895," inconsiderable though it seems when written here, pierced with shafts of significance many a listening mind.

What is wonderfully strange about this motion of Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice belongs peculiarly, I should say, to English political life. He is the brother of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Lansdowne, as everybody knows, is reigning Secretary for War. Here, one would imagine from the American standpoint, is brother against brother with a vengeance indeed! But no; the chances are that Lord Edmund and his near kinsman remain upon perfectly tranquil terms. If peradventure they did not, the fact of their social disunion would be somewhat uncommon; for English families are seldom rent asunder by conflicting national views. . . . Later, Mr. Chamberlain's utterances in the House of Commons with regard to the Hawkesley letters caused an enormous amount of comment. There are those who now call loudly for Mr. Chamberlain's resignation as Colonial Secretary. Mr. MacNeill, M.P., asked the First Lord of the Treasury (Mr. Balfour) whether he knew that certain letters which had lately been published gave support to an extremely serious charge. This charge was that the Colonial Secretary had manoeuvred to secure the acquittal of Dr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, and had tried to suppress that series of letters and cablegrams called the Rhodes-Hawkesley correspondence. Mr. MacNeill then proceeded with the poignant and uncompromising query: What steps did the Government mean to take when a member of the Cabinet was deliberately charged with personal dishonor and public falsehood?

Thus has the Vote of Censure been amalgamated, so to speak, with the inimitable crusade against Mr. Chamberlain. He enters the House each day or evening and sits in his accustomed place. Hardened though he is to all popular

demonstrations of dislike, he cannot help wincing, now and then, as some peculiarly savage thrust is aimed at him. Thus far he has not cut at all a noteworthy figure in the general debate. Whatever thunderbolts he may reserve have not yet emitted any premonitory rumbles. A sharp duel of wits occurred one day between Mr. Goschen and Mr. Bryce. The latter gentleman said, as he usually does, some brilliant and caustic things. He hates this war, and believes that Great Britain had no right to go into it. Grievances were bad, he now affirmed, but war was worse; and if the English had foreseen what this one would bring forth they would never have entered upon it. As for their diplomacy, why did they not reduce it to the level of their preparations? These two things ought to go hand in hand, but it would appear as if their diplomacy had been warlike and their preparations peaceful. After this firebrand of sarcasm, hurled so skillfully at what might be called the Cabinet's most combustible portion, Mr. Bryce continued thus, encouraged copiously by cheers from the Opposition benches: "They have reversed the old maxim, '*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*,' and made it '*fortiter in modo, mollior in re*.'" . . . But all my dealings with the record of Parliamentary affairs through the past week must necessarily be sketchiness itself, owing to limitations of space. A weekly journal of ordinary size could easily be filled with verbatim reports of the wisdom and fool ishness, the good temper and bad, the truth and falsehood, manifested in St. Stephen's during the session of a single day.

Dr. Leyds, during his recent sojourn at Berlin, spoke freely of territories which were formerly taken away from the Dutch by the English. "Are not these territories already partially occupied by your troops?" he was asked. "Yes," he replied, and then more or less repeated his former observation, using this time the word "stolen" instead of "taken." Dr. Leyds very possibly had reference to Cape Colony, or portions of it, in his sweeping charge. Somebody inquired of him, it is also stated, what would be done with the ten thousand British soldiers if Ladysmith should fall into Boer hands. To which he responded: "We should either build for them a big prison or put them to work in the mines. That was what the old Romans did." It must be granted that these are not words which would echo very musically here, even if the brave blood on Spion Kop were not still so sorely dry. Apropos of this mountain—one whose name is fated to send thrills of horror through thousands of hearts for many an unborn year—it was thus called because the Boer Fortrekkers, when they fled from English authority, stopped at this elevation before they crossed the Drakensberg, in order to decide whether should be their next move. Ladysmith lies between fourteen or fifteen miles distant, and there, as we know, the trekking soon came to an end. Spion Kop means "the hill of spying," for "kop" is used to indicate a superior kind of kopje. With this hill a singular legend is connected. Years ago the funeral of a famed Zulu chief occurred there—whether upon its summit or one of its spurs I am unable to say. During the obsequies a python of great size made its appearance. One of the young warriors dashed toward it, and with a valiant blow cut off its tail. But a revered soothsayer declared that this monster serpent was an ancestor of the great chief whom they were now burying, so the python was permitted to escape. Ever since then, however, the grotesque and stunted tailed ancient mariner returns; and at such times, the Boers assert (or at least some of them do), that an event of mighty import is on the verge of occurrence. Whether or no it had been observed before those two desolating conflicts which have just happened, even the yellowest of yellow journalism (and London journalism can be very yellow when it tries) has not yet informed us.

The Duke of Teck has been buried at Windsor Castle with honors almost, if not actually, royal. He rests beside his wife in the vault below the Albert Memorial Chapel, among all that is left of many once illustrious grandees. He was an amiable man, with scarcely a single noteworthy foe save one. The name of that one was Fortune. His marriage with Princess Mary of Cambridge, first cousin of the Queen, was happy, but inequity shadowed it for years. Victoria was not generous to her kindred, and though she lent them apartments in Kensington Palace they were forced, at one time, to leave it and live, for the sake of economy, in Italy. Later, after many trials and vexations, a splendid windfall of luck befell them in their daughter's engagement to the Prince of Wales's eldest son. But the Duke of Clarence died in 1892, only a few weeks after his betrothal. The old spell of misfortune seemed permanently to have reassured itself. Though a granddaughter of George III., the Princess Mary was once more regarded as a person who had made an unfortunate

alliance in wedding a prince born of a morganatic marriage between the Grandduke of Hesse and a Hungarian countess. But soon again the Teck horizon brilliantly brightened. Their daughter, Princess May, once more became engaged, and this time to the younger brother of her former fiancé; and in 1893 she married him. Now, as it looked, had destiny at length beamed upon the Duke and his wife, since in all likelihood they would one day see their child crowned Queen Consort. But only four years later the Duchess rather suddenly died, and in two more years Teck himself passed to the grave. Ever since the decease of his wife he has been an invalid, and for many months his mind, it was whispered, had completely collapsed. He died among servants and strangers at Richmond; for the abrupt pneumonia that seized his frail frame was quite unforeseen, and all his relatives were absent. Rarely, I should say, has the vanity of human greatness been instanced by a more vivid example. With the Duke and Duchess of Teck it was not a reminder that the paths of glory lead but to the grave. Theirs had long been a path of comparative privation, mortification, insecurity. And when it became a real road of glory it ended, sharply, pathetically, and with an irony of acutest keenness, in—the Valley of the Shadow!

The Marquis of Queensberry, who has just died here in London at the age of fifty-six, will not be widely mourned. Two wives have divorced him, and with one of his sons, Lord Drumlaigh, he fiercely quarrelled. Born in the purple of family distinction, with a father who had long represented Dumfriesshire in Parliament and also served as controller of the Royal Household, a high and honored career was open to him. But he chose the society of prize-fighters far oftener than that of gentlemen, and became, on this account and because of his irascible and inclement manners, one of the most disliked peers in England. He was an agnostic, and hence held opinions of an exceptional kind on matters religious. But he failed to invest them either with dignity or prudence, and therefore made enemies at every turn. In a country where such freethinkers as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and John Stuart Mill dwelt respected and even beloved by those who failed to agree with their views, Lord Queensberry passed his days constantly giving offence and challenging contest. He endeavored to force his convictions down the throats of his fellows, and we all know the lamentable effects of any such aggressive process. In 1882, when Mrs. Bernard Beere produced "The Promise of May" at the Globe Theatre in London, he was turned out of doors for uttering loudly indignant protests. A certain character in Tennyson's drama displeased him because it represented agnosticism in an immoral light, and he made the sadly foolish attempt to lecture an audience on what struck him as a playwright's unjust portrayal. In most civilized lands, where newspapers and not orchestra stalls are provided for the expression of critical opinions, this mode of dissension is regarded as an affair for police interference. And so Lord Queensberry was ejected from the Globe, and because of similar passionate and ill-timed imprudences, he departs from a much larger globe with few if any amical regrets.

Mr. Lecky's voice has not been heard, thus far, in the big discordance of Westminster *pros* and *cons*. But lately, in his philosophic though sometimes unwontedly commonplace "Map of Life," he has printed a few rather scorching sentences on "the low standard of international policy." At his best Mr. Lecky is one of the acutest and most unerring thinkers now living. I have often wondered why a man who has been so fearlessly radical in his judgments both of the past and present should have become not only a member of Parliament but one on whose utterances many an auditor valuingly hangs. No better example of Mr. Lecky's polemical boldness could be found than when he deals with one of the German Emperor's recent exploits. "Among the minor episodes of nineteenth century history," he says, "how soon after the savage Armenian massacres the sovereign of one of the greatest and most civilized of Christian nations hastened to Constantinople to clasp the hand that was so deeply dyed with Christian blood, and then, having, as he thought, sufficiently strengthened his popularity and influence in that quarter, proceeded to the Mount of Olives, where, amid scenes that are consecrated by the most sacred of all memories, and most fitted to humble the pride of power and dispel the dreams of ambition, he proclaimed himself, with melodramatic piety, the champion and the patron of the Christian faith!" . . . One can't help wondering if the Kaiser, who is an admirable English scholar, will ever come across this resonant Gibbonian sentence. If he does, it is destined, I think, to haunt him o' nights; for the autocracy of twenty emperors could not sneer it down.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



## WOMEN AS SPIES

THE BOER WOMEN are described as not one whit less patriotic in the present war than their husbands, and the story of how Mrs. Joubert actually won the battle of Majuba Hill is an illustration of the active patriotism they have more than once displayed. When the English were stealing upon the Boers at Majuba Hill it was Mrs. Joubert who first discovered them and hastened to arouse her sleeping husband. General Joubert was fast asleep, and he refused to believe that the English had got by the pickets without the alarm being given. It was not until Mrs. Joubert actually pulled him out of his bed, and made him see the enemy with his own eyes, that he would admit the truth of her words.

Mrs. Krüger, the wife of the President of the South African Republic, is a motherly homely, but her patriotism sometimes overcomes her love for home duties. She is not one to shirk the duties of her high position. When a young woman she had the reputation of brewing the best coffee and being the best shot of any of her sex in the Transvaal.

When the Jameson Raid proved such a disastrous failure, because the Boers possessed their secret beforehand, it was generally supposed that one of the Englishmen in the plot had turned traitor and had given the secrets away. This, however, has proven to be untrue. Krüger, having good reasons for suspecting some kind of treachery, consulted his wife, and her advice was to enlist as spies the barmaids of Johannesburg. This was done, and the secrets which the English gave out, or conversed about over their cups, were promptly transmitted to Krüger by the pretty barmaids. So well did this spy system work that President Krüger not only knew beforehand all about the preparations for the Jameson Raid, but he had inside information of the plans of the English government which placed him in a position to meet every move with a counter-move. Military secrets leaked out in this way, and when the English increased their fighting force in South Africa by secret enlistments Krüger added a larger number to his regular army. Likewise when more guns were shipped from England to South Africa, Krüger had even a greater number shipped almost simultaneously from Germany and France. These important steps were taken upon the information supplied by the women spies—the pretty barmaids of Johannesburg.

A niece of President Krüger, Sammie Krüger, who was in this country at the outbreak of hostilities, is typical of the South African women, and though educated in France and Belgium, she spent her girlhood on the veldt and farm of her native country. In her own picturesque words she thus recently expressed

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herself, which will show something of the kind of life a Boer girl must lead: "Like all Boer girls, I am an excellent shot. From sheer necessity we have all been obliged to learn how to shoot, and one of the first perquisites of our education is to hit a bull's-eye at long range. Our cunning with the gun has been handed down to us through generations. When trekking on the veldt it often fell to the women to keep the prowling lions away from the wagons, and in time of war our women stand behind the laager or barricade, as the case may be, load the guns, tend the wounded, and, if needed, take a hand in the shooting also."

## UNNATURAL HUNGER

A Sure Sign of Hidden Dyspepsia.

"It was necessary to eat dinner at 11 o'clock," says Mrs. O. F. Ollman, 1131 Preston St., Rockford, Ill., "in order to have strength to prepare the noonday meal for the family."

"While I was drinking coffee I felt so faint at 11 o'clock that I was unable to proceed with the work unless I had lunch. If I missed the 11 o'clock meal, I was attacked with a severe sick headache."

"My complexion at that time was a sight, great blotches appearing on my face, and I was so nervous I could sleep but a few minutes at a time, and would wake in the morning more tired than when I went to bed."

"Our grocer called my attention one day to Postum Cereal Coffee. This was about three years ago. I immediately quit the use of coffee and took up Postum, having it prepared properly. The change produced a remarkable result. In a week or two I was able to leave off the 11 o'clock lunch and take my dinner in the regular way with the rest of the family. My blotchy complexion disappeared and a natural complexion took its place. Now I can go from morning until night without a meal, if I desire, and no headache or inconvenience of any kind appears. I sleep sound as a baby, and my kidney trouble, which was more than serious, has entirely disappeared."

"A lady friend was recommended to try Postum, and a short time after, told me she was disgusted with it for it had no taste. I asked her if she boiled it carefully fifteen minutes after the regular bubbling commenced. She said no, and in reply to another question, said she used only one heaping teaspoonful to the cup. I explained to her that she must use two heaping teaspoons to the cup and let it boil long enough. The next time I saw her she said she used Postum regularly and liked it very much indeed, and that it had made a great change in her health and the health of one or two members of her family."

It seems plain, from this experiment, that one is justified in the inference that coffee is an actual poison to many human beings, and sets up all sorts of diseases. The remedy is plain enough,—to abandon the coffee and use Postum Food Coffee, which is sold by all grocers at 15 and 25 cents a package.

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## Pears'

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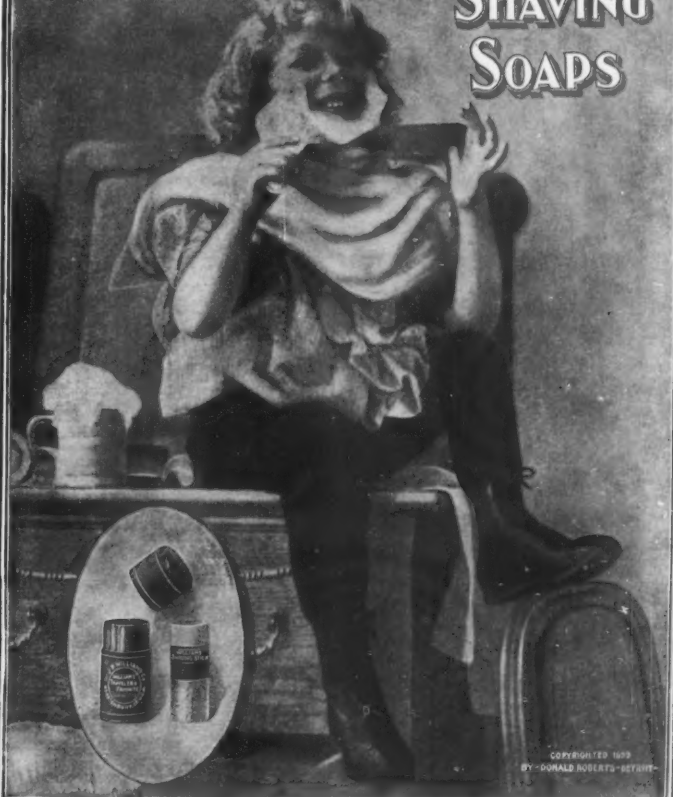
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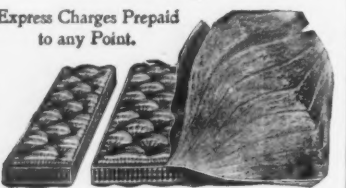
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## Round the Hearth

BLUEBIRDS WERE HEARD a fortnight ago to-day, on a rare February morning which discounted in advance the tender sweetness of April. There were no buds on the bare boughs, and the trees thickly standing in the New Jersey forests lifted their naked beauty of branch and twig to skies as soft as summer, while the air was full of a vague stir and tremor, as of something joyful to be born; as of bloom, scent, and melody hastening on the way. March the blustering, March the boisterous, may not at once fulfill that evanescent promise, and the bluebirds may hush their fluting before his riotous advance. A phenomenally mild winter does not always or necessarily ensure us an early and blandly gentle spring. Nevertheless, our faces are now set toward the pageantry of the blossoms and the bloom of the rose, toward the building of the nests, and the singing of the birds. Presently we shall begin our annual crusade against the predatory moth, and our furs and woollens will be put away in camphor, and some of us will plunge into the ingulfing depths of the house-cleaning which tradition enforces as obligatory in the spring; others will obey the nomad impulse in the blood which moves us to take the road and seek new places by sea or shore, and receive new stores of strength. March marks a moment of welcome change, welcome to every one, from the silver-haired grandsire to the boy proudly flying his kite in the breezy sunshine, as boys have flown kites for generations.

About this time the woman who began with great enthusiasm to keep her new diary, so inviting in its sumptuous cover of fragrant leather, when January came in, finds herself a bit tired of putting down the commonplace happenings of ordinary days. But let her beware of procrastination. If, tired at nightfall, or languid in the morning, she decides that she will defer the task and write up her of a week, she will against her waning will discover a difficulty what did or did not call on day, that by Saturday and indistinct is more humiliating diary conspicuous and blank pages, worn off, so someone's self, at least, instability of purchase perseveringly ords for a lifetime, the yellowed leaves books, on which accidents once family ever receding. Such sayings and doings priceless value, and bear a worth as great-grandmother's ancestral jewelry ture annals they nating as sidelights, sipy and the brighter froer of touch they of us has time and keep a diary in the our children's child-we do this if we Would we not be stilted and self-conscious, and leave behind us dairies chiefly fit for a blaze on the hearth or a bonfire in the back yard?

### MADAME LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME LE BRUN

FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME LE BRUN

Lent, giving pause to the hurrying pace of society, redeems the pallor on the cheek of pleasure, and renews the lagging pulse of health. The strongest grow weary of incessant gaiety, and not the gay alone, but the women busy in domestic life, in charity, in clubs, in various activities, are glad of the Lenten opportunity for leisure. Meanwhile, the dainty maiden in her sewing class, working for the needlework guild, or helping the clumsy fingers of inept women and children to fashion garments for themselves, is aware of a pleasant sensation, that of growing wholesomely tired in doing good. Very sweet is the sleep which sifts upon the pillow of her whose toil has been given for the uplifting and cheering of her poorer sisters.

It will be news to some people, received, probably, with incredulous surprise, that in the whirligig of time the old-fashioned feather-bed is again coming to the front. So long the feather bed has been voted unhygienic, and so certainly is it uncomfortable in its smothering warmth, that to find it advocated by any one of intelligence as superior to a hair mattress and a luxurious spring is upsetting to established opinions. Yet the feather-bed has never entirely relinquished its hold upon affection in the rural districts, and many an inquiring summer boarder, venturing from the city into the mountains, has been compelled, year after year, to choose between the yielding softness of feathers and the relentless hardness of straw, the country hostess having nothing else to offer. In the old days, a bed filled with carefully selected feathers was frequently a much-prized part of the bride's outfit when going to her new home, and the modern demand for multitudinous cushions has often been supplied from the stores of the superseded feather-ticks. We are now informed that for aged people, whose blood is thin and easily chilled, and for persons suffering from twinges of neuralgia and rheumatism, feathers furnish a very agreeable couch. The ideal bed is the bed on which one sleeps best, be it of feathers, hair or hay, and most of us will cling by preference to our beloved, clean, easily aired and renovated hair mattress, laid upon a spring which accommodates itself pleasantly to the motions of a tired and relaxed frame. Whatever one chooses, let it be a bed which charms away the fiend insomnia, and saves one from the nervous distress of counting the hours between midnight and the dawn of day. As for bedclothing, it should have warmth without weight, and this requisite will, let us hope, ere long banish into poetry and the attic those patchwork quilts which still maintain their place in some households. A light woollen blanket has every quality which a homemade quilt needs and lacks.

### WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP, to attain perfection, implies congenial qualities, a common social condition, and, at some period in its growth, the opportunity for frequent and uninterrupted intercourse. Propinquity is almost an essential in the early stages of feminine friendship, and, while two women, divided by space and circumstance, might grow tolerably well acquainted with one another, and become mutually appreciative by means of correspondence, yet, lacking the advantages of meeting face to face, they could not become true friends. Knowledge and familiarity are prerequisites of intimacy, and no friendship is worth the name which is not intimate. There may be mutual liking, real regard, pleasure in the comparison and interchange of views, but women cannot taste the full flavor of friendship, nor enter upon its fair domain of privilege and reciprocal sympathy, until barriers are thrown down and they are admitted into those areas of freedom in speech and thought which are not forever guarded by the reserves of caution and convention.



## Edited by Margaret E. Sangster



Yet too much candor may be fatal to a friendship which seems ideally beautiful and attractive. Immature women in the first flush of youth and with the crudeness of inexperience, sometimes venture upon a frankness of criticism, a bluntness of repartee which blights their friendship in the bud. Nothing, alas! is so sensitive as self-love, and a wound to vanity sinks deep and leaves a scar which is not soon forgotten. "Tell me my faults," says the woman to her friend, expecting, not a brusque presentation of her several foibles and defects, her infirmities of temper and weakness and caprice, but an adroitly turned compliment, or an evasive and honeyed reply. Woe to the indiscreet person who rashly tells another of faults, anywhere on a long equality. A speak to her daughter-teacher may result in each relation which sanctions this unpalatable administration. One opens her the dose, makes a she is very good and very anxious to says, "I thank mother or teacher, authority, not to right to invade by the utterance awakens acute or you wish to kill a not take a quicker exercise of what tal sincerity. the case refers to ure of friendship, is not of that which its and disposition, does, of one's out-one's story, one's most people have



SAYING GRACE  
FROM THE PAINTING BY A. H. BURR

sufficient common-sense to be grateful for the plain words which point out weakness, or error, or lack of discrimination, and suggest a different treatment, or a possible improvement. One of the best offices of friendship, one in which it best serves women, is in helpfulness in this line, in the assistance it affords by way of stimulus and suggestion.

Two friends, for example, sharing a studio, may be of almost infinite help to one another, through their intelligent comprehension of the work in hand, through their comradeship in endeavor, and their estimate of the progress made and the obstacles overcome.

In youth, friends are almost universally nearly of the same age. College friends are students in the same classes, and their years are naturally not widely separated. Later in life friendship is much less dependent on the accident of birthdays. Women, twenty years apart, may be dear and close friends, thirty-five standing on terms of equality with fifty, forty discovering nothing in sixty to make enthusiastic and loyal friendship impracticable. Especially is this true of friendships which are founded upon an enduring basis of principle, and where women have similarities of careers of useful beyond the narrow individual home. For men, awakening to larger motherhood, their own children waits, and dependently, they may find unselfishness some bring them into very and mutual enjoyment. Decrepitude of course a limitation though never inviolable love, where are already formed, and infirm, the infirm are too much occupied the fight against en-beset by the friendships. Of its belongs to life, health of soul, and setting which gives their even chance Friendship belongs forces of the



JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF  
TWELVE  
PAINTED BY MILLAIS

Jealousy, envy, the whole malignant and base

the peace of the mind, act as malaria upon friendship. The instant you suspect your friend of anything mean, of anything unworthy, she has ceased to be wholly your friend; you have ceased to be altogether hers. In friendship, there cannot be lapses and returns, quarrels and forgiveness, distrust acknowledged and allayed, alternate coolness and warmth. One's friend is too precious to be thus endangered, and the friendship now fanned to a flame, and now dulled to ashes on a cold hearth, is not worth the name, and is a mere shell from which the soul has fled.

### THE CARE OF THE HANDS

EXQUISITE cleanliness and nice attention to the finger-nails are necessities of the lady's hand. A good quality of toilet soap, fine towels, and tepid water are admirable adjuncts to the first of these requisites, and persistent manicuring, either by a professional operator or by one's self, are essential to success with the second. The most ill shaped hand, the most unsightly nails, may be transformed and made presentable by constant care. Character is revealed by the hand, as well as by the countenance, and a gentlewoman should not be indifferent to the appearance hers presents. When gloved, the caution to purchase a shape which fits the hand is necessary. Short fingers need short-fingered gloves; long fingers must equally be studied. A glove should not be too tight in its compression of the hand, which looks larger not smaller than its size in too snug-fitting a glove.

For dress occasions, white, cream, or pearl-tinted gloves are in good taste; but for shopping, for a run into town by train, or for any business use, a delicately tinted glove is too readily soiled. Old evening gloves should not be taken for business use, for marketing, or other practical occasions. By judicious cleansing they can be used many times for their original purpose, and a dark glove is preferable for the day's work.

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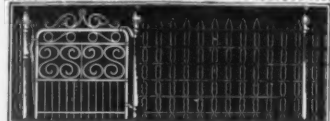
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## OLD-TIME COURTESY

A QUAIN folio is "Ye Boke of Curtasye" lately unearthed by Mr. Furnivall in England. It consists of two companion tracts, apparently written early in the fifteenth century, entitled "How ye goode Wife shall teache her Daughter" and "How ye wise Man learneth his Sonne."

The daughter, addressed by the endearing term of "lief child," is advised that if she would be a wife she must "wisely work" and "look lovely," and not suffer the rain to hinder her from hearing mass daily. At church she is to "bid her bedes" (i.e., say her prayers), and to "make no jangling to friend nor to sib." If a suitor present himself she is not to "seorn" him, nor again to keep the matter secret.

"Sit not by him, nor stand, where an might be wrought.  
For a slander raised ill  
Is evil for to still,  
My lief child."

When she has secured a good husband, she must "love him and honour him most of earthly things," and "answer him meekly, not as an atterling" (i.e., a shrew):

"So mayest thou slake his mood and be his dear darling.  
A fair word and a meek  
Doth wrathe slake,  
My lief child."

She is to keep her "countenance," whatever (of news or of gossip) she may hear, and on no account to "fare as a gigge" (i.e., to behave as a giggling girl), but when she laughs "to laugh soft and mild." When she walks she is not to "brandish" her head, nor to be too talkative, and by no means to swear, "for all such manners come to an evil proof." But if she chance to be "where good ale is on loft," she is to drink "measurably," for it is a shame to be "ofte drunk." She is to avoid common shows—as, for instance, wrestling matches and "shooting at the cock"—and not to pick up acquaintances in the street; but if any man should speak to her she is to greet him "swiftly," and let him go his way. And "for no covetise" must she accept a present from any man.

## HIS ENDLESS CHAIN

WATTS: "Don't you know that drinking whiskey for your cold only renders you more liable to cold?"

Lushforth: "In zash case, I c'n jus' drink more whiskey for the new cold."

## CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S STATION

HERE is a story on Senator Depew told by his anecdotal alter ego, Joseph H. Choate. At a recent diplomatic dinner in London Mr. Choate sat next to a distinguished English nobleman, who, during the course of conversation, had occasion to inquire: "And to what station in your country, Mr. Choate, does your Mr. Chauncey M. Depew belong?"

"To the Grand Central Station, my lord," readily replied the diplomat, without a quiver. The Englishman's face clouded for a moment with uncertainty.

"I'm afraid you don't know what I mean," added Mr. Choate, about to go to his rescue. But his neighbor quickly smiled a glad smile of intelligence.

"Ah! I see, I see, Mr. Choate!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Depew belongs to your grand, great middle class."

## MORE LIKE IT

"LAUGH and grow fat."  
"Pooh! You mean, 'grow fat and get laughed at.'"

## HE UNDERSTOOD THE BUSINESS

FIRST BEGGAR: "Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something."

Second Beggar: "I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses."

## IN BROOKLYN

Bob: "Saw Tom and his wife out wheeling yesterday."

Will: "Tandem?"

Bob: "No; perambulator."

## FROM THE SEAT OF WAR

"KENTUCKY seems to be in a pretty lively state just now," remarked the constant reader to his literary friend.

"It is," answered the war correspondent just returned from the front at Frankfort. "When I was there every man I met was either running for office or for his life."

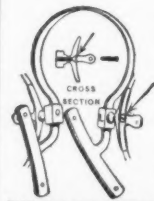
## A WISE PARENT

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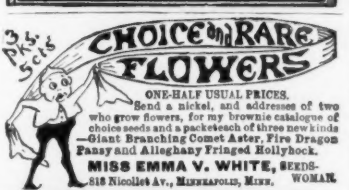
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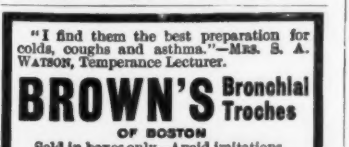
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## A BRITISH ARMY IDOL

GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD, who has been mentioned as the probable successor of Lord Methuen in South Africa, is one of the few eminent soldiers of the British army who have risen from the ranks. His face is that of the typical Highlander, with high cheek bones, a hard set chin, and straight fearless eyes. From the day that he walked into Glasgow barefooted and kilted until the battle of Majuba, when he was taken prisoner, his record was one straight series of successes won by personal bravery and indomitable pluck.

The disaster of Majuba left a lasting impression of him. Bennet Burleigh holds that Lord Kitchener's achievements in the Sudan were only made possible by the grind of work accomplished by Macdonald "making riflemen from mud."

In spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of his dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day Macdonald overheard two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him." Macdonald at once called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!"

The rebels grounded their arms in sullen silence.

"Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel. "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gemaizah, Toski, Afafit, Ferkel, Atbara, and Omdurman.

## AT THE IMPRESSIONIST SHOW

SHE: "I wonder why artists are always so careful to sign their pictures?"

HE: "Possibly no's the public can tell the top from the bottom."

## WERE THEY FORGET-ME-NOTS?

THE PALM for absent-mindedness should be accorded to a learned German professor. One day he noticed his wife placing a bunch of flowers on his desk. "What do they mean?" he asked.

"Why," she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?" "Ah, indeed—is it?" said the professor politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes round, and I will return your attention in kind."

## A WEDDING ON THE CARDS

"MY QUEEN!" fondly exclaimed the infatuated youth.

"My Jack," softly responded the blushing maiden.

## DISRAELI THE DANDY

A CONTEMPORARY of Lord Disraeli in his Memoirs records this impression of that famous dandy's personal appearance. Usually he wore a slate-colored velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down over his shoulders. When he rose in the House, he wore a bottle-green frock coat, with a white waistcoat, collarless, and a needless display of gold chains.

## MACAULAY THE WIT

DURING THE time when Lord Disraeli was startling sober Englishmen by his eccentricities of dress, Lord Macaulay, that was to be, was electrifying his dull-witted constituents by his witty sallies and repartees. Having been defeated in 1847, he ran again for Parliament in 1852. For a change he was the popular candidate. One day while standing on the hustings, side by side with his opponent, he was violently struck by a dead cat. The man who threw it immediately apologized, saying he had meant the cat for his opponent. "Indeed?" said Macaulay. "Then, I wish you had meant it for me and struck him."

## CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN

MRS. CHURCH: "Did you ever catch your husband flirting?"

MRS. GOTHAM: "That's the way I did catch him."

## GOOD ADVICE

PATIENT: "Doctor, I am troubled with rheumatic pains, caused, I believe, by the dampness of my new house. What would you advise me to do?"

Doctor (laconically): "Move."

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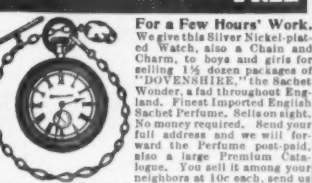
The cabinet is supplied with a door and an opening for the arm has been added, convenient for the bather in removing perspiration from the face or otherwise adding to the comfort of the occupant. The cabinet is elongated in shape which gives comfort and ease to the limbs. The galvanized steel frame supports the Cabinet in such a manner as to prevent contact with the body at any point. It is absolutely germ proof and needs no care further than placing it behind a door when not in use.

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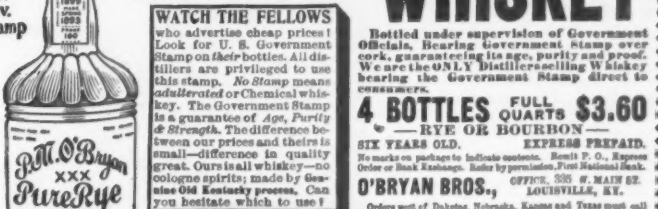
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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

J. L. STACH

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,  
Go lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

**FOOTBALL LEGISLATION**

THERE are calls for a meeting of the Football Rules Committee, and it is more than probable that these will take on enough force to bring that body together some time this spring. That the rules are in a far more satisfactory condition than ever before is attested by the fact that for two years there has been no alteration in the code and that the contests have been productive of far fewer misunderstandings and questions of interpretation than in the entire history of the sport. One of the strongest reasons for allowing the game to crystallize along its present lines lies in the avoidance of quarrels. Any alteration is in itself liable to lead to discussion first, and, after adoption, to differences of opinion regarding the interpretation as well as regarding its effect upon other rules, should the alteration lead to unexpected results. The Rules Committee has always been an extremely conservative body, and it is fortunate for the sport that this has been the case; for had all the proposed alterations and additions been made we should more than likely have exchanged our present popular sport for such a hodge-podge of a game as would have speedily led to its dissolution. Football is proverbially tenacious of life, but even its vitality must have succumbed to over-legislation had the thousand and one suggestions, mostly made by men who were by no means sure that they believed in the sport at best, been molded into rules under which the collegians must willy-nilly conduct their games. There is, for instance, no safer rule to follow than to stick to the existing code wherever it is possible to do so, and unless a well-known and generally recognized flaw has been found that demands action. This is clearly shown in the remarkable hold that the game has secured and the general knowledge of it possessed now by all. It would have been possible by radical annual legislation to have made such a dissemination of it practically out of the question. A few essentially new rules altering the method of play added each year would have sufficed to keep the sport in the hands of a few and make it unintelligible to the many. Each year there are matches played which lead one party or the other, or, rather, the partisans of one side or the other, to believe most sincerely that the game could be advantageously altered. As a rule, it can be found that this alteration is unduly influenced by the actual result of the game just played rather than a sound belief and desire to advance the sport itself. Another year and a different result alters the complexion of affairs so materially as to array the would-be reformers of the game once more among the conservatives. A set of rules that admits of such contests as the West Point-Annapolis, Harvard-Yale, Princeton-Yale, Harvard-Pennsylvania, Pennsylvania-Michigan, Yale-Wisconsin, Wisconsin-Michigan, Chicago-Pennsylvania, Chicago-Wisconsin, Columbia-Yale, Cornell-Columbia, Lafayette-Cornell, Harvard-Carlisle, and Carlisle-Columbia must have such a scope and accuracy as to be worth conserving with extreme care.

Talk about the "Great West" and the "Effete East"! Here is Cochems, who attained prominence at the time of the purging of Middle-West athletics, but who is now at Harvard, breaking the strength record at Cambridge last fall. Then follows Place, a substitute quarter-back on the Chicago team, with a mark of 3,880, and Kennedy, the captain and regular quarter, with another of 4,101. Neither is yet up to Cochems', but approaching it very nearly. (Place has since made a record of 4,238 pounds.) No wonder the West comes to the front in football, with such material as this; and when one thinks of the kicking distances set by Herschberger a year ago and O'Dea this last season, one no longer wonders at the showing of these Western teams. When one has had a chance of seeing Wisconsin's crew row some three lengths further than any other at Poughkeepsie last June and still beat Cornell and Columbia and lap Pennsylvania, then one can readily admit that there are athletic possibilities in the West that are still to be measured. The lead still maintained by the East in track athletics may become reduced to an inappreciable distance, and instead of a sporadic case of prominence in an event we shall see invading teams of record-breakers.

**BICYCLE AND AUTOMOBILE**

At last it has come about that the L.A.W., having fully realized the exigencies of the case, has relinquished once, and it is hoped for all, the control of racing. This province has been gracefully yielded to the National Cycling Association. From now on this body will have the full management and conduct of all this extremely difficult phase of cycling interest. Under it will come without question the management of that newly developing and exciting branch of motor-cycle racing.

There is no question whatever as to the fact that in the early days of bicycling the introduction of racing did much to extend the sport, and beyond and above that lent itself very distinctly toward the improvement of the wheel in fining down the lines and rendering it lighter and faster. True, this was carried to an extreme, and there was of necessity some setting back to be done, but the advantages of racing were none the less marked, and this must not be forgotten in considering the future. The National Cycling Association practically owns the majority of the best tracks, and through them and their relations to the bicycle will be able to do much toward motor-cycle racing. This is sure to have its effect upon the automobile, and while unquestionably the best tests of the auto-vehicle are road tests, and the most satisfactory racing for actual proof of machine and motor power is road racing, the track contests will furnish suggestions constantly which must be of profit in developing the public taste as well as in aiding the manufacturer in the same way the maker of bicycles was helped. There is no more exciting race up to this time than that of the bicycle or motor-cycle, and the public will take up both vehemently once more. For all that, the retirement of the L.A.W. from that field is the best thing that body has done for many years, and its concentration upon the good roads problem will be greatly assisted by this step.

The matter of price is the interesting feature for most people nowadays who are taking an interest in automobiles. Those who now possess auto-vehicles are, as a rule, in the class which can afford luxuries and which does not cavil at the question of expense. This is only the usual course of affairs which history repeats in the introduction of almost any new and valuable article. But manufacturers know that that class does not begin to support factories in anything like the steady way the middle class, with its tremendous majority, can and does when once started on the purchase. It is probable that for some time yet the automobile will be too much of a luxury to find a ready sale in this middle class. But so, too, was the bicycle when first introduced, and there is no doubt that by study and labor-saving devices the auto-vehicle will sooner or later be brought within the reach of at any rate the upper section of this class.

As a matter of record, the following figures upon which the year 1900 begins may be set down and measurements taken from these at the end of a year. About the lowest-priced automobile that this year brought in was a light wagon mounted on bicycle wheels, having a two and a half horse-power gasoline motor and said to be capable of a speed of fifteen miles an hour. It was built for two persons, and \$450 was its figure. Next to this was another vehicle of similar style and build, but the trimmings more elaborate. The figure for this was \$750. There is a vehicle which is sold between these two at \$600. When we reach \$1,000 we find several excellent vehicles, steam runabouts and Stanhopes, as well as an electric Stanhope. At \$1,250 there are plenty of good runabouts, and from this up to \$1,500 several traps or small brakes. At \$1,500 Dosados traps and small brakes of good style and finish. Above this, at \$2,000, mail phaetons with coachman's seat and larger brakes, while for \$2,500 four and six passenger brakes of the best finish and make.

There were many who had down in the bottom of their hearts a sneaking belief that when Harry Vardon should meet Willie Smith the Englishman might have to yield. Nor would it have been any disgrace to the visitor if he had been beaten. There were many conditions that might prove unfavorable to him. There is enough evidence in the results of visits of representatives to strange courses to indicate that the chances are by no means equal. But Vardon has demonstrated all that has been said of him. He is imperturbable, he is facile, he is steady. He is a golfing machine endowed with brains, and the machine seems never out of repair. He defeated Smith, the winner of the American Open Championship, by 2 up and 1 to play in a 36-hole match. In the morning he broke the professional record of the course at St. Augustine, going the 18 holes in 71, and he tied the professional record of 34 for the 9 holes. The men who wish to beat Vardon are many, the man who can beat him is hard to find. And he takes it all so easily and pleasantly that it makes one feel doubly inclined to extend the praise.

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There is none of the "Look at me" about Yardon. He is modest, and more; that extreme American quality of what for a better word one may call "tension" is either thoroughly concealed or not in his make-up. He does not follow all the traditional theories as they have been told us, but it strikes one that he will leave behind some new ones, for his play makes them.

An announcement was made recently to the effect that the Harvard-Princeton football game next fall was practically assured. This is an annual canard which comes up and is industriously circulated whenever there is a lack of athletic news. Those who are familiar with the arrangement of football schedules understand that there is little chance of a game between these two universities until another kaleidoscopic shifting of Harvard's relations with others. Much as football lovers would enjoy seeing such a contest once more, Harvard is not likely to take on a third big game, and so long as she has her Yale contest preceded by a match with Pennsylvania the addition of a Princeton match to the schedule is unlikely. There has already been considerable conflict between Harvard and Princeton over the arrangement of baseball dates for this spring, and at this writing there is talk of there being but one date arranged. Harvard and Princeton baseball managements have met with more or less friction in their arrangements for a number of years—ever since, in fact, the year when the Harvard captain met the Princeton captain and arranged dates which afterward failed of the sanction of the Harvard athletic committee, and the games were cancelled. At that time the same reason was advanced that now seems to be a bone of contention between the two; namely, Harvard's unwillingness to play the games early in the season, and Princeton's desire not to play them late. What the finale is to be no one can say, but some compromise will probably be effected.

Whether there will be an international track athletic contest or not this season is still an open question. Negotiations seem to be moving very slowly, and that, too, in spite of the fact that assurances were given on both sides looking to the most satisfactory results. The pleasurable association of the Yale and Harvard representatives with those of Oxford and Cambridge last summer paved the way for a return visit this year, and any one who saw the good-fellowship at the dinner in London last July would have had difficulty in seeing from what quarter obstacles toward a return visit could emanate; but these college politics are strange affairs, and strange complications are ever arising. Whether we have an international meeting or not there will be plenty of track athletic interest in the United States this spring. Murphy, whose record in developing successful performers is unequalled, will bring the University of Pennsylvania aggregation up to the intercollegiate in such shape that it will be a most hazardous prediction for any one to make that they will not, as they did last year, practically sweep the events. The Harvard-Yale dual games are more in the dark. Here Lathrop will be pitted against Robinson, and both trainers have in hand some excellent material, both veteran and new. As captains, Harvard has Rice, who did so well in the high jump last year, and who beat the Englishman at Queen's Club, while Yale has Johnson, the pole vaulter. Both men are energetic, and have been sifting out their new material in the fall and laying plans for advancement along definite lines, so that the make-up of the teams, in point of general development, is likely to be of the highest. Perhaps of all the runners the one whose career will be watched with the greatest interest is Boardman, the young Yale runner, who performed so brilliantly at the Philadelphia relays last spring, but whose work in the later contests did not carry out to the full the promise he made early in the season. It is true that he was not ably assisted in his later matches, and equally true that the speed he possessed was not made the most of. It is hard to place the fault, but for that very reason his work this spring will be watched with exceptional interest. He can run any distance from a hundred to a quarter-mile. He is not a fast starter, and takes considerable time in getting into his style. He has also a bad roll of the head, especially marked when he begins to tire, but at his best he has already shown that there are times in every race when he covers ground more rapidly than almost any other man who has been seen on college tracks for a long time. There are possibilities in him which, properly brought out, promise much; but he is a man easy to overtrain, and whose faults, especially those noted above, of slow starting and rolling the head, must be eradicated before he can do his best competitive running. Harvard loses Quinlan, whose brilliant burst in the hundred, at London, by which he crowded to the front and won the first event for the Americans against the Englishmen, will not soon be forgotten. Dupee, the Yale man, who was taken as a second stringer to England last summer, and whose promise as a sprinter was considerable, has gone through a siege of typhoid fever this winter, and whether he will be strong enough to do himself justice on the track this spring is doubtful. Blount, the other Yale sprinter, and the man who was looked upon with such confidence by Yale until he strained his leg, is still in college. He demonstrated, both here and in England, that for sixty or seventy yards there is hardly a man who can head him, but to stretch out that speed for the full hundred is the problem that is facing Robinson. Blount needs building up, and every additional pound of reserve that can be put into him will carry him so much nearer the tape for a probable winner of the short sprint. Both Harvard and Yale are looking toward the development of distance running, and it is advisable that they should do so, as it was demonstrated in their contest with the English universities that in these events they are simply outclassed. Palmer was the only man who made a showing at all in the three-mile event. It is said that if another international takes place the three-mile may be reduced to two; but the Americans were just as badly off, with the exception of Palmer, at the end of two miles as they were when three miles was reached, and it is safe to say that Workman, the Englishman, could have broken away on the last lap of two miles, and the only man left to follow him have been Palmer, the same as at the longer distance. Hence, emphatically, the American universities should stimulate distance running, unless they wish to give away this event, in the case of a meeting, almost as surely as the Englishmen conceded the hammer-throw in the former contest.

All arrangements are being perfected for the annual Yale-Harvard boat race at New London, which will be held on the 28th of June. Mr. Schweppe of Yale and Mr. Saltonstall of Harvard have been in conference over the matters which appeared to give rise to most of the difficulties experienced on that course last summer. Mr. Meikleham will be selected as the referee, and Mr. Curtiss will once more act as chairman of the regatta committee. As to keeping the course clear, Mr. Schweppe said after the conference:

"Last year it was with great difficulty that the crews were able to complete the race, as several steamers and small pleasure craft got in the course just near the finish. While it is true that the government officials did everything they could to keep the course clear, yet the torpedo boats were too large to get around without much difficulty. This year we believe the only thing to do is to get two or three little naphtha launches and place harbor police on them and let them patrol the course during the race. Any person who in any way interferes with the race will be severely dealt with."

Meantime the graduate stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, Mr. Bangs of Columbia, Mr. Colson of Cornell, and Mr. Reath of Pennsylvania are taking measures to make the Poughkeepsie regatta as memorable as it was last year, at the same time planning additional features of interest, with a view toward what has been called an American Henley. There will be single-scutt and pair oar races, provided there are enough entries. The date of holding the regatta has not yet been fixed, but Mr. Armstrong of Yale will once more act as referee.

Dr. Peet of Columbia, who is certainly one of the most careful students of rowing in this country, and who, in spite of the most unsatisfactory showing of the Columbia crew last year, has been chosen to coach the candidates for another year, gives out the following as the alterations that he will adopt in his stroke for next season:

"The 1900 stroke will be more level and even than the one I used last year. This will be accomplished by a shorter carrying of the feather and a greater angle on the catch. The slides will be started suddenly and slowed down gradually. Last year the swift catch on the start of the stroke tended to jump the boat out of the water. This fault will be avoided, though the catch still will be hard enough to make the stroke firm and regular. A stiff shoulder lunge will be followed by a slowing up to prevent the shell from losing impetus between strokes. The reach will be longer in the direction of the stern than heretofore."

The interest in skating grows each winter, and with the development of ice-hockey it is safe to say that this good old winter pastime is coming up, and eclipsing even the interest which years ago, when outdoor rinks were in vogue, made it the fashion. There was a time when athletic fields were flooded every winter, and as soon as the ice formed were packed with people.

The physical development of young Americans has brought every sport out with stronger prominence, and this is particularly true of skating. In fact, the speed skates of to-day suggest barking back into the past. The club skate, which crowded out the wooden footpiece, and which for a time held entire sway, is now replaced by wooden stocks, or aluminium, and these are practically built on to the shoe, or fastened by screws and rivets so as to make any severance between the shoe and the skate impossible. This is of greatest importance in the speed contests, and especially in the hard pounding of hockey, which, by the way, grows no less gentle.

WALTER CAMP.

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## THE D R A M A

"THE AMBASSADOR,"  
AT DALY'S THEATRE  
SCENE FROM ACT III.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGERS &amp; CHOUINARD

MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH AS  
NORINA IN "DON PASQUALE" AT THE  
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSELORD ST. ORBYN (MR. JOHN MASON)  
AND THE PRINCESS VENDRAMINI (MISS  
RHODA CAMERON)

AT DALY'S THEATRE, Mr. Daniel Frohman has presented his stock company in a play new to this country, "The Ambassador." It comes from the American lady, Mrs. Pearl Craigie, who has given to the public several books of fiction and plays under the name of John Oliver Hobbes, and whose long residence in England has inspired her to write chiefly of English life. The present piece is sufficiently English to have pleased the critical taste of the patrons of Mr. George Alexander, at the St. James's Theatre in London. Mr. Alexander's followers, it is said, are fond of plays dealing with "high life," and Mrs. Craigie's people are most impressively aristocratic, a fact which may partly explain the play's popularity in England. Similar reasoning ought to assure its success in this country; for in our taste in plays we are atrociously servile. But strangely enough, "The Ambassador" has proven to be something of a disappointment here. At any rate, it cannot be regarded as one of Mr. Daniel Frohman's more conspicuous successes. It will probably run for a few weeks and then disappear.

And yet, in its kind, "The Ambassador" is a fairly good composition, slight, to be sure, but neatly constructed, cleverly characterized, and genuinely though somewhat ostentatiously witty. In it Mrs. Craigie has tried to present a picture of society not unlike that achieved by Mr. Pinero in "The Princess and the Butterfly." The work of Mr. Pinero, faulty as it was and by no means worthy of its author, had the stamp of authority; it made you feel that the people were real people, drawn by one who knew them completely. "The Ambassador," it is true, seems fairly genuine, in spite of exaggerations in detail; but it continually suggests the point of view of an outsider who wants very much to write like one having an intimate acquaintance with the life portrayed. The careless, even free and easy treatment of the great personages, who include an Ambassador, a Princess, a Duchess, and the other fine titles, recalls at once the fun George du Maurier used to make of the *déjà* handling of the British aristocracy by young American writers of fiction.

There is one feature in "The Ambassador" that will delight many theatre-goers and disgust many others. It makes a point of exposing the feline woman. Indeed, nearly all the women in the piece are distinctly feline. The first act has the ring of a feline chorus. Perhaps London society is like that, the very smart society; but, somehow, there is so much spitefulness in the women that you don't quite believe in it; you feel that the author must have been unjust to her sex. On the other hand, perhaps a man's judgment in this matter may be questioned. Women certainly ought to know other women; and women writers are notorious for their frankness in revealing the secrets of their sex. "Oh, don't you know," says Lady Beauvedere in the first act of Mrs. Craigie's play, "that every dinner, every lunch, every call where women meet is a field of Waterloo?" And a moment later she adds: "Waterloo begins, for a woman, from the moment she disappoints her mother by not being a boy, and it ends—only when her dearest friend drops a wreath on her coffin." One of the callers at Lady Beauvedere's has just come from a funeral. "I am so sorry you missed it," she exclaims to her hostess, "you would have enjoyed—I mean you would have been so interested."

Some of the speeches miss fire and seem rather flat when carefully examined; most of them, however, have a flavor that gets over the footlights. Occasionally, the speeches light up a character. "Oh, hang it all!" says Lady Beauvedere's precious young son, Vivian, "a fellow can't marry every girl who gets pale every time his name is mentioned. There would simply be no end of it." One of the butterflies in the first act, whose life is spent, as Henry James says, in "climbing staircases and clinging to the human elbow," explains satirically that "entertainment is the most expensive form of death." The *blase* Ambassador, who has not seen the beautiful Lady Beauvedere for a year, remarks lightly: "What is a year? A little hunting, a little shooting, a little dancing, a little dining, a little racing, a little losing, a little cursing, a little yawning, a little flirting and—a little repenting! Why, a year is no more than a well ordered day!" This seems an odd life for a great statesman, doesn't it? But Mrs. Craigie's Ambassador must not be taken too seriously.

He certainly does not take himself very seriously. A bachelor himself, he declares that "there is only one fool in the whole creation—and that is—an unmarried man!" Much more acute is the remark of the princess who walks through the play, quite like an ordinary mortal and not at all like a princess. In speaking of Lady Beauvedere, who loves the man she herself has loved—the Ambassador, of course—she exclaims: "She has not the kindness, the tact, the *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* to show the smallest jealousy of me! It is insulting." It is this lady who makes the Ambassador one of the wittiest speeches in the play: "I loved you once, but never again! It gave me three wrinkles, and no man on earth is worth even one."

All of the speeches I have quoted are delivered in the first act. This might be called the epigram act. It was written before Mrs. Craigie had got her play in hand, before she found anything in particular to say. As her story developed, she forgot to be epigrammatic. As for that story, it is so slight, so flimsy, that it seems almost to slip through your fingers. Though the young girl, the *ingénue*, Juliet Gainsborough, is apparently the heroine, the chief woman is really Lady Beauvedere, a widow of thirty-five, beautiful, courted, deeply in love with Lord St. Orbyn, the Ambassador. But St. Orbyn loses his heart to the girl, who, however, has allowed herself to become engaged to Sir William, Lady Beauvedere's son, a member of the diplomatic service, where his utter priggishness and stupidity would probably keep him from doing much mischief. "But I married very young," Lady Beauvedere keeps explaining when questioned about Bill's engagement. (They call Sir William "Bill.") Juliet, before meeting the Ambassador, has decided to break with "Bill," whom she has never loved. But oddly enough, she stays on at the house of Bill's mother! Mrs. Craigie made a little slip there. Juliet, generous, thoughtless, a trifle reckless, hearing that Bill's brother, Vivian, has forged a note over a game of cards, promises to go at three o'clock in the morning to the rooms of Major Lascelles, the man who holds the document, and who happens to be an old friend of her father's. She has only to cross the garden from Lady Beauvedere's house in Paris; but she is seen by Bill's mother, who follows her. There we have the matter of the second act, not very dramatic, to be sure, but suggestive of drama. The third act passes in the rooms of Major Lascelles, who receives Juliet courteously and grants her request. Incidentally, she is discovered there by the Ambassador, who has dropped in for one of the Major's rather rowdy little parties. Before she has time to leave, Lady Beauvedere enters, and confronts the girl and the Major. There's a chance for strong drama here, but Mrs. Craigie has either missed it or deliberately ignored it. The scene between the two women is the weakest in the piece; nothing is made of it save a long stream of irrelevant talk. In the final act, the Ambassador, who has been clever enough to see that Juliet is above suspicion, learns the truth and wins the girl. The love scene between them at the close of the piece has a poetically poetic flavor. But dramatically better, dramatically the

best scene in the whole play, is the colloquy that takes place before the climax between the disappointed and illiberal Lady Beauvedere and the happy but rather cynical lover of forty-five. That last act, indeed, rises to high merit. If the whole play were as good, it would be a great comedy.

"The Ambassador" is superbly mounted; the women wear beautiful clothes; the acting is as good as any acting New York has seen this winter, save in one important particular. Miss Mary Mannering plays with exquisite sympathy the part of Juliet. It is as fine a piece of work as she has yet done here. In his earlier scenes Mr. Mason lacks plasticity as the Ambassador, but improves as the character develops. On the whole, his impersonation is very skillfully executed. Miss Hilda Spang takes the character of Lady Beauvedere far too violently, exaggerating it out of all relation to truth. Mr. Edward Morgan makes "Bill" suitably sombre and tedious. As Vivian, Mr. William Courtenay gives promise of becoming one of the best juvenile actors we have. He plays in exactly the right key, with intelligence, spirit, and variety. Admirable work in minor parts is done by Miss Elizabeth Tyree, Miss Alison Skipworth, and Mrs. Walcott.

TENORS are delicate creatures. This fact is already pretty familiar to operatic managers, and it has lately been causing great discomfort to Manager Maurice Grau. Never before had Jean de Reszke been so missed in New York as he was during the eighth week of the present season at the Metropolitan Opera House. For a tenor, and the greatest of living tenors at that, his readiness to help out the management in an emergency was truly marvellous. Perhaps his serviceability may be explained by his long career as a baritone, which gave his voice a robustness that tenors created by nature rarely acquire. So great was the dearth of available tenors in his big company, that Manager Grau was obliged to send for Jules Perotti, once a favorite with fashionable opera-goers in New York, and in recent years a leading member of the opera at Buda-Pesth. This winter Perotti has been singing in New York; but few people were aware of the fact, as his appearances were confined to the Germania Theatre, which represents a world by itself—the extensive world of German art that flourishes in lower New York. Here he had for an associate Frau Moran-Olden, like himself once a favorite here and for many years one of the greatest of the German singers. His preliminary appearance was made on the "popular" Saturday night of the seventh week, when he gave an eminently satisfactory representation of Tannhauser in place of Van Dyck. He has since been regularly engaged for the rest of the season. On Monday he appeared as Radames in "Aida," with Madame Emma Eames, when he gave additional evidence that he still deserves to rank among the few brilliant tenors of the day.

There were some amusing features in the representation of Wednesday evening. Madame Sembrich had been announced to sing in "Traviata," to be given for the first time this season. But she, too, like the tenors, succumbed to the fickleness of our climate. So "Carmen" was announced for Wednesday, with Zélie de Lussan in the title-part. Now, we all know that the public is impatient of any Carmen but one; the fact remains, however, that before the name of Calvé was known here, Mademoiselle de Lussan, then hardly more than a girl, but full of dramatic fire and with a brilliant mezzo-soprano voice in good control, had given a remarkable performance of this character. If we had not seen Calvé, we should at the present time appreciate Mademoiselle de Lussan more highly. However, we were not to have even the second Carmen of the company; for she, too, fell ill, and a good-sized audience heard Olitzka sing the part. Her performance had some very good points. Though uneven, it expressed an abundance of passion and it proved that in Olitzka Mr. Grau has a singer who may one day develop into a great artist. On Friday evening we heard "Lohengrin" with Miss Susan Strong as Elsa and with Perotti in the title-part. Miss Strong's Elsa was already familiar to opera-goers; it shows care and taste, and it appeals to the eye, for this singer is one of the most beautiful women in the company; but it betrays her limitation of voice and of temperament. Perotti sang with splendid fervor, making a fine display of his resonant high notes.

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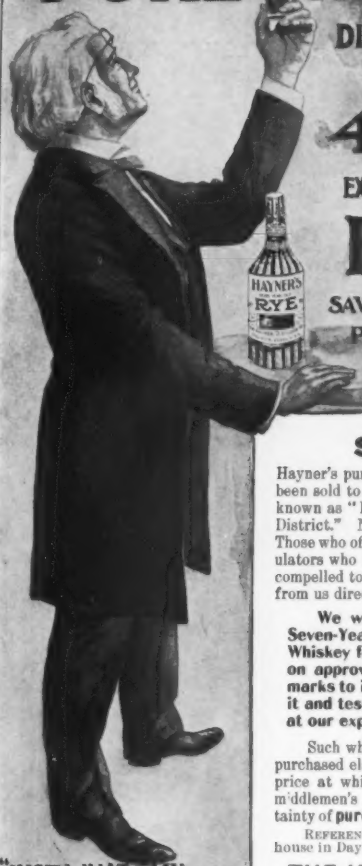
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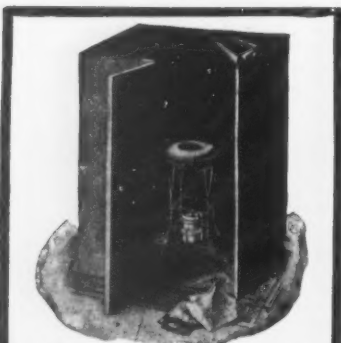
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